McKean County Miner.

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Office Directory

Governor—Dani[illegible]
Lieutenant Gover[illegible]yon.
State Treasurer—[illegible]
Auditor General—[illegible]
Sec'y of Internal [illegible] Latta.

DISTRICT [illegible] COUNTY.

President Judge—[illegible], Coudersport.
Additional Law J[illegible] A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congr[illegible]stone, Warren.
State Senator—[illegible], Bradford.
Members of Ass[illegible]rman H. North, Bradford; Geor[illegible]
District Attorney—[illegible] Gorton, Smethport.
Sheriff—Asa R. [illegible], Bradford.
Prothonotary—[illegible]bell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—[illegible]lark, Bradford.
Commissioners—F[illegible] Foster, Smethport; Sheldon Jewett, [illegible] City; Thomas F. Hungiville, Sawyer.
Com'rs Clerk—[illegible], Smethport.
Jury Com'rs—Walt[illegible], W. R. Ford.
Auditors—W. A. F[illegible], Smethport; M. A. Rice, Eldred; F. F. Bro[illegible]
Mercantile Appraiser—[illegible] Bain, Bradford.
Coroner—E. R. [illegible], [illegible] Creek.
County School Sup't—[illegible] Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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Council—Frank Kerns, [illegible] Gallup, Henry Beaver, Wm. McCann, Burg Chadwick, D. C. Young, Sam. [illegible], Johnson, R. Bartwell, A. T. [illegible] Herzog.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, F. [illegible]
Constable—H. L. Buchanan.
School Director—John Fo[illegible], D. C. Young, [illegible], E. [illegible], John Apple, L. [illegible]
Collector—J. C. Gallup.
Assessor—W. A. Young.
Ass't Assessors—D. C. Young, [illegible] Ramer.
Auditors—L. M. Hogarth, [illegible] Mayo.
Judge of Election—G. S. May.
Inspectors of Election—R. Gleason, Herman [illegible]

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street. E. M. [illegible], W. M. W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge No. [illegible], meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree at meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings. W. [illegible], N. G. J. C. GALLUP, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. E. G. PELTON, Chief Patriarch. H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

CIVILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. [illegible], I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening, I. O. O. F. Hall. HELEN S. MORISON, N. G. ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening of each month at [illegible] o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block. JONATHAN COLEGROVE, Com. H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block. MRS. [illegible] GALLUP, Pres. MRS. ROSE PRINCE, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—[illegible] Encampment, No. [illegible], meet 1st and 3d Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. E. L. KNAPP, Ex Com. D. T. DOWNEY, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block. SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W. J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

E. A. U.—Smethport Union, No. [illegible], meets on second and Fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall. F. L. KEENAN, President. MRS. S. M. VICKERY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. [illegible], meets every Monday evening at [illegible] in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block. C. H. [illegible], Com. CHAS. OLMSTED, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. [illegible], meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons. MISS CARRIE THURSTON, Com. MRS. ANNA B. GIFFORD, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch [illegible], meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, [illegible] p. m. JAMES LYNCH, Pres. THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Church. MRS. D. L. FORSYTHE, Pres. MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on First and Third Wednesday evening of each month in Backus Hall. DR. CHADWICK, Pres. MRS. WM. MASSON, Sec'y.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. [illegible] WENTWORTH SANBORN, A. M., Pastor. Class Meeting Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young People's and Teacher's meeting Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal—J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:35 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—[illegible] pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 3 by Rev. A. Brownson. Sabbath school immediately after the preaching.

[illegible]—E. S. REMINGTON, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday, 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Clermont church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 1:30 p. m.; Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

[illegible] B. Stone, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pompelon Hall, Bradford, Pa.

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[illegible] D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST. Hamlin & Forrest, LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly [illegible] & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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C. E. Judd, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Over [illegible] Main street, Davis Block, Bradford, Pa. [illegible] 30, 1894.

M. H. Mayo, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.

F. R. Cotter, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Kane, Pa. Will carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care.

A. M. [illegible], ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: [illegible], Smethport, Pa. N. E. Cor. Main & Third Sts. in [illegible] building.

H. H. [illegible], ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Kane, Penna. Practice in all the Courts of the State, and [illegible]. Office in [illegible] Block.

[illegible] JOHN [illegible] [illegible] & [illegible], ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Smethport, Pa. [illegible]

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John Clark, M. D. C. M. Office and Residence in Reilly Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, [illegible] to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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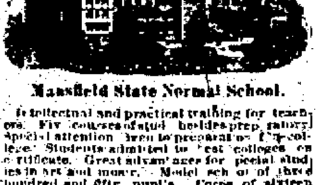

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FISHER LASSIES.

The wind blows in from the nor'west waves
Chill, salt and strong from its ocean caves.
The sea glows yet in the sunset's hue,
And the hollowing sky is a cup of blue.

But the sentinel rocks on the headland's right
Are black and grim in the waning light,
And out in the west a lone white star
Keeps its steadfast watch o'er the harbor bar.

Over the waves where the red light floats
To the gleaming shore come the fishing boats,
And the girls who wait for their coming in
Are something [illegible] wind akin—

Born of the union of sky and sea,
Joyous, [illegible] as a [illegible] free,
Fearless in [illegible] ground [illegible],
To friend unswerving, to lover leal.

No care is theirs. All the world they know
Is the sky above and [illegible] below,
Light o'er the waters their [illegible] floats
As they wait on the sand for the fishing boats.

Brown are they, yet the tint that glows
In their cheeks has the hue of a crimson rose,
And never brighter or clearer eyes
Watched across the bar 'neath the sunset skies.

When the wearisome toil of the day is done
And the boats come in with the setting sun,
Sweethearts and brothers, tall and tanned,
Bend to the oars with a firmer hand.

Each one knows at the landing dim
Some one is waiting to welcome him.
Over the harbor the twilight creeps.
The stars shine out in the sky's clear deeps.

From far sea caves comes a hollow roar,
And the girls have gone from the darkened shore,
For the crimson has died from the sky line's bound,
And the boats are all in from the fishing ground.

—M. L. Cavendish in Youth's Companion.

SAVED HER SON.

You must know that Mme. Jambe—Mother Jambe the soldiers called her—was for many years cantiniere in a regiment of the line, and in this capacity she was a sort of good angel to the troops. Officers and soldiers alike all respected her, and never, during the quarter of a century she served, whether in Algeria or throughout the Italian campaigns, had she to complain of a single brutal act or word.

She married, when about 30 years of age, the quartermaster sergeant of the regiment. His time was nearly up, but he remained with the colors in order to help his wife to keep the canteen. The little household was a prosperous one, for Mme. Jambe had more than one string to her bow and well understood how to employ her spare time profitably. She had learned the art (or science, perhaps, it should be called) of hairdressing, and on the occasion of any fete was in great request with the officers' wives. Mme. la Colonelle never employed a professional coiffeur even for the most ceremonious event. The thrifty woman was thus able to lay by a very considerable sum of money, which by no means lessened her popularity in the regiment.

After a year of married life a son was born, and Mme. Jambe and her husband agreed that as soon as he should attain the proper age he, too, should be a soldier. At the age of 16 he passed into the ranks, and, already accustomed, as he was, to military life and discipline and being smart and intelligent, he seemed to have a bright future before him.

But in the full tide of its prosperity the little family suffered a sad catastrophe. The husband and father died suddenly in 1869. It was a terrible shock to our poor Mme. Jambe, and she would hardly have survived it were it not for the thought of her son and the hope that he would be a comfort to her in her declining years. Sorrow aged her more than her rough life had done, and, with regret, she left the service and settled in a little cottage left her by her parents in the village of Cluzy, near Pontarlier.

A year later war broke out, and this was another sorrow for her to bear. She was a patriot—Mme. Jambe—but she was a mother also. Her country was in danger, and her son, too, and she was a prey to nervous fears which knew no cessation, no relief.

During that terrible winter of 1870-1 she hardly slept for three consecutive hours in the 24. Always on the alert for news, she chafed sorely at the snow, which almost cut off her little village from the outer world and made communication a matter of great difficulty. She passed whole weeks in ignorance of the progress of the war and of her son's whereabouts, and then, little by little, she heard of the defeats and at last learned that her son, a sergeant now, had been attached to the Army of the East, which was being formed under the command of General Bourbaki.

From this time and in all weathers she might be seen each day trudging the weary, snow covered miles which lay between Cluzy and Pontarlier or else climbing to Fort de Joux, overlooking the Swiss frontier. She sought news, but news, unhappily, was scarce and contradictory, and gradually hopes of a decisive victory grew fainter and fainter.

Suddenly, toward the end of January, the rumor spread that the Army of the East was approaching, having failed to relieve Belfort. For nearly a week Mere Jambe kept a strict watch day and night, scanning eagerly the road by which she hoped to see the French arrive. They were signaled at last, but the Germans were signaled, too, from the opposite direction, and it seemed evident that the armies would encounter one another in the immediate neighborhood.

And now I will let Mme. Jambe take up the story, for what follows I had from her own lips a few months after the events described took place:

"One morning at dawn I heard a noise at the door of the cottage and then the sound of breaking glass. I rose hastily and ran down to the entrance. I gave a cry. My boy was there, and behind him stood three of his comrades, but in what a state—haggard, hollow cheeked, their uniforms in rags, their boots almost in pieces, blue and shivering with cold!

"'Ah, my child!' I cried, opening my arms.

"'Mother, you must hide us,' he said. 'The general has intrusted me with a message to the commandant of the fort, but the Prussians bar the way. They have seen us and are in pursuit. They must not find us.'

"'Give me your order,' I cried. 'I will take it while you hide here. No one will suspect a woman!'—

"I had no time to finish. We heard a discharge of musketry, and a neighbor rushed in, crying:

"'The Prussians! The Prussians are here!'

"I pushed my son and his friends into a storeroom, at the farther end of which, under some hay, was the door leading into the cellar where I kept my little stock of wine and cider.

"The Prussians entered in through the open door. I saw others in the road. There must have been about 100 of them altogether. A young officer was in command.

"He came up to me and asked brutally:

"'It is you who are Mme. Jambe?'

"'Yes, I am she,' I answered him.

"'Your son has just entered this house?'

"'My son! He is far away from here, always supposing that he is still alive.'

"'He is here. I am sure of it. Come now, where is he?'

"'You must seek him then.'

"He made a sign, and I was surrounded and prevented from moving my position. The soldiers ransacked the house, I asking myself meanwhile who could be the coward who had betrayed my son.

"At last the brutes found him—him and his friends—and I saw them dragged out, covered with the hay in which they had attempted to conceal themselves. And my son! How brave and handsome he looked, with his flashing eyes! Yes, he was my own flesh and blood, and I felt proud of him. They were rigorously searched for the message they were supposed to bear, but as it was a verbal one they could find nothing.

"The officer stamped about the little room, mad with rage. Glancing at the prisoners, he cried:

"'Is your son among them?'

"'He is not, and, if he were, I would not confess it.'

"He drew his sword on me, and then we were all dragged out into the roadway, the officer shouting:

"'Where is the man who gave us the information?'

"'One of his companions has just killed him,' a Prussian sergeant replied, pointing to a corpse which I had not seen, hidden, as it was, behind a bush.

"The traitor was a franc-tireur, who, to save his own life, had given up my son to the enemy. His punishment had not been long delayed.

"'The murderer shall be shot!' cried the officer. Then, looking fiercely at a group of the villagers who were cowering under his men's bayonets, he continued:

"'Some one among you knows the man Jambe. Point him out to me, or I will order my men to fire on you.'

"Ah, they were brave, my neighbors! They made no reply.

"'Then we will soon find out.' He gave an order in a low voice. His men pinned me with my back against a wall and placed rifles in the hands of my son and his comrades.

"And the officer said:

"'On the word of command you will fire and kill that woman. If you disobey, it will be your turn next.' He motioned his men, who arranged the unfortunates whom he was turning into assassins in line in front of me.

"A cry of horror ran through the crowd, followed by a dead silence. I—well, I offered my soul to le bon Dieu, telling myself that I must try to show how a Frenchwoman could die if need be, and I waited, watching my son.

"But he did not seem to see me. His eyes were turned to his comrades. They seemed to be making signs to one another.

"'Ready!' the word of command thundered.

"'Present!' And they obeyed, covering me with their rifles.

"'Fire!' They turned suddenly to the right about. An explosion followed, and four Prussians, the officer among the number, fell. And, above the roar of the discharge, I heard my boy's voice clearly:

"'Fire! Yes, but on you, coward!'

"A general volley on the part of the Prussians followed, and I fell, with a bullet in my shoulder. Before I lost consciousness, however, I saw that my son was still unhurt.

"I learned afterward that, just at this moment, the cannon of the Fort de Joux began to play. The commandant had caught the reflection of the sunlight from the Prussians' helmets, and, concluding—none too soon—that something untoward was taking place, had sent a few shells into the crowd and rapidly dispersed the enemy. It was those guns which, some hours later, covered the retreat of our Army of the East across the Swiss frontier."

Mme. Jambe died a few years after these events—which I have related as nearly as I can in her own words—took place. Her story was recalled to my mind the other day on hearing that the son of this brave woman had just been promoted to the command of his regiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

SUFFER FROM "FLAT FEET."

How the Breaking Down of the Arch Is Remedied by a Steel Strip.

Despite the fact that the beauty of a well arched foot is much appreciated by people of an artistic turn of mind, has been sung frequently by poets and versemakers, there has been until lately little interest, from a scientific point of view, taken in its direct opposite—the flat foot. In a great number of instances flat feet are the occasion of considerable keen suffering, generally resulting from the breaking down of the arch—that is, the displacement of some of the many little bones of the foot either from overstrain or some disease of the muscular structure. As the weight of the body constantly rests upon the foot, there is no opportunity for the bones to get back to their proper places.

The result is that these little bones keep rubbing against each other, and the pain gets more and more severe. Commonly the person afflicted in this way thinks that he or she has rheumatism and lets it go at that. Until recently the only remedy was a steel soled shoe that was clumsy and heavy. The new device is interesting. It is an "insole," curved to fit the foot, made of a bent strip of steel and acting as a spring. It is covered either with leather or with vulcanized rubber to prevent rusting, and, needing no fastening, but simply to be placed in position, it can be changed from one shoe to another at will.

In position it acts simply as a support, literally holding up the bones and giving them an opportunity to slip back into their proper places. While any "insole" of the approximate shape will give relief, the best results are reached only when one is especially made from a cast or impression of the foot. A great proportion of the people troubled with flat feet come from the north of Europe, many of them from the lowlands of Germany. The inhabitants of the south of Europe, strangely enough, are seldom troubled with anything of the sort. Their insteps, especially in the case of women, are nearly always highly arched and finely formed.—New York Tribune.

First Tariff Makers.

If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note, at its southern point and running out into the straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory which, from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean sea and watching the entrance and exit of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was called in the time of the Moorish domination in Spain, Tarifa. The name is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea and to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise contained therein. This duty was called from the place where it was levied "tarifa," or tariff.—Philadelphia American.

Practice Makes Perfect.

[illegible]—Madge's complexion has improved wonderfully of late.

[illegible]—Yes. She is beginning to understand how to put it on.—New York Ledger.

ONE WOMAN'S REFORM MOVEMENT.

I links! Sence Mary burnt my pipe
The worl' is kin' o' gloomy.
I'm growed so thin an peakedlike
Daylight a'mos' shines th'oo me.

Mary jes' said: "You've got to quit.
It's sech a nasty habit!"
An then she tuk an burnt my pipe.
Land, how I setched to grab it!

Wut say? My pipe my own? By Jo!
It's plain you don't know Mary.
She burnt it nigh er month ergo;
Sence w'ich I ain't had nary—

Waal, no more 'n jes a puff or two—
Land sakes! Don't ever tell—
An a pep'mint lawzenger arterwuds
T' kin o' kill the smell.

Some day she'll ketch me at it, sure.
Lord knows wut she'll do to me!
An so I trimble every day.
Dear suz! The outlook's gloomy.

—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

THE SANDERS GIRL.

"It maybe was that romances comes to pass on the range when I was thar," remarked the old cattleman meditatively, "but, if so be, I never notes 'em. They shorely gets plumb by me in the night."

The old gentleman had just thrown down a daily paper, and even as he spoke I read on the turned page the glaring headline, "Romance In Real Life." His recent literature was the evident cause of his reflections.

"Of course," continued the old cattleman, turning for comfort to his inevitable pipe and inching his chair more and more into the shade of the porch, "of course at sech epochs as some degraded sharp takes to dealin double in a poker game, or the kyards begins to come two at a clatter at faro bank, the proceedin's frequent took on what you all might call a hue of romance, as I admits they was likely to get sorter hectic myse'f. But, as I states, for what one would brand as clean strain romance I ain't recallin none."

"How about those love affairs of your youth?" I ventured. "They must have existed."

"Which I don't deny," replied the old gentleman between puffs—"that back when I'm a colt in Tennessee I has my flower scented days. But I don't wed nothin, you notice. An even while I'm ridin an ropin at these yere young female persons whom I has in my mind thar's never no romance to it, unless it's in the fact that they all escapes me, an I never do tie one down once.

"Thar was one lady for whom I aforetime yearns, which, if I'd done played my hand plumb through, I reckon now I might have roused out a romance or somethin thrillin. I'd been due to get up agin Jim Gale's gun shore. You sees this yere female weds Jim, an I will say he makes the most restless an s'picious married man I ever encounters.

"But of course I knows my range, an I knows my brand, an as I makes a specialty of payin no attention to Jim's wife after the nuptials his trail an mine never does cross once.

"But, speakin of love tangles, brings to my memory a story which old San Enright onfurls on to us, the same showin that a woman's fancy is rootless an onstable as a proposition.

"'Always copper a female,' says Cherokee Hall one day when Texas Thompson is relatin how his wife maltreats him an rings in a divorce on him down at Laredo. 'Always play 'em to lose. Nell, yere, now,' goes on Cherokee as he runs his hand over the h'ar of Faro Nell, who's lookout for Cherokee, 'Nelly, yere, is the only one I ever meets who can be depended on to come winner every trip.'

"'Which females,' says old Sam Enright, who's settin thar at the time, 'an particular young females, is a heap frivolous nacheral. The sight of a rainbow will stampede most of 'em. For myse'f, I'd shorely prefer to try an hold a bunch of 500 ponies on a bad night than ride herd on the heart of one lady. Between us alls, I more'n half figger the fections of a female is migratory, same as buffaloes used to be before they was killed, an sorter goes north in the spring an south ag'in in the winter.'

"'As for me,' says Texas Thompson, who's moody touchin them divorce plays his wife is makin down at Laredo, 'you can gamble I passes all females up. No matter how strong I holds, it looks like on the show downs they outlucks me every time. Wherefore I quits 'em cold, an any gent who wants my chance with females can shorely have the same.'

"'Oh, I don't know!' remarks Doc Peets, sorter gettin in on what's a general play. 'I've been all through the herd, an I must say I deems women easy people every time. They're a heap surer folks than men an faithfuler.'

"'Which I don't deny females is fine folks,' says Texas, 'but what I'm allowin is they're fitful. They don't stay none. You can both hobble an side line 'em at night, an the first thing that strikes you when you rolls out in the mornin is they're gone.'

"'What do you all think, Nell,' says Doc Peets to Faro Nell, who's perched up on her stool by Cherokee's shoulder, 'what do you all think of Texas, yere, a-malignin of your sex? Why don't you p'int him to the example of Dave Tutt an Benson Annie? They all gets married, an thar they be, caperin along as peaceful as two six shooters on the same belt.'

"'Oh, I don't mind what Texas says none,' replies Faro Nell. 'Texas is all right an on the square. I shouldn't wonder if this yere Mrs. Thompson does saw it off on him some shabby gettin that sep'ration, an I don't marvel at his remarks. But as long as Cherokee yere thinks I'm right I don't let nobody's views about other women pester me a little bit; so thar!'

"'It's what I says awhile back,' interrupts Enright. 'Texas Thompson's wife's motives, mighty likely, ain't invidious none. It's a heap probable, if the truth is known, that she ain't aimin nothin at Texas—she only changes her mind.

"'Now, about the earliest thing I remembers,' goes on Enright, 'is concernin a woman who changes her mind. This yere incident is about the first chicken on the roost of my recollections.

"'It's years an years ago, when I'm a yearlin. Our company is makin a round up at a camp called Pine Knot, in Tennessee, organizin to embark in the Mexican war a whole lot an thin out the greasers.

"'No one ever does know why I, personal, declares myse'f in on this yere embroglio. I ain't bigger'n a charge of powder at the time, an am that limited as to stature I has to climb on to a log to get on to my pony.

"'But, as I'm tellin, we all comes together at Pine Knot to make the start. I reckon now thar's 500 people thar, as the occasion an the interest the public took in the business jest combs the region of folks for miles around.

"'Thar's a heap of handshakin an well wishin goin on. Mothers an sisters an sweethearts is kissin us goodby, an while thar's some hilarity thar's more sobs. It's, after all, as I looks back'ard, rather a damp than a gay affair.

"'While all this yere love an tears is flowin thar's a gent—he's our captain—who's settin off alone in his saddle an ain't takin no hand. [illegible]

"'No one about Pine Knot knows this party much, more'n his name is Bent; that he's captain, with the gov'nor's commission, an comes from way off yonder some'ers. An so he sets thar, grim an solid in his saddle, lookin vaguelike off at where the trees meets the sky, while the rest of us is goin about permiscus finishin up our kissin.

"'"Ain't he got no sweetheart to wish goodby to him?" asks a girl of me. "Ain't thar no one to kiss him for good luck as he rides away?"

"'This yere maiden's name is Sanders, an it's a shore fact she's the prettiest young female whoever makes a moccasin track in west Tennessee. I'd a-killed my pony an gone a foot to bring such a look of soft concern in her eyes as shines that uninvited for this yere lonesome gent. I looks over where he's silent an solitary on his hoss.

"'"No," I replies, "he's an orphan, I reckon. He's plumb abandoned that away, an so thar's nobody yere to kiss him or shake his hand."

"'This yere pretty Sanders girl—an I'm pausin agin to state thar's nothin of the long horn about her, pure cornfed she was—this Sanders beauty I'm sayin looks at this party by hisse'f for a moment, an then the big tears begin to take possession of her blue eyes. Next she blushes like a flower an walks over to this lone gent.

"'"Mister Captain," she says, raisin her face to him like a rose, "I'm shore sorry you ain't got no sweetheart to say goodby, an because you're lonesome that away I'll kiss you an say adios myse'f."

"'"Will you, my little lady?" says the lonesome gent as he swings from his saddle to the ground by her side, an thar's sunshine in his eyes in a moment.

"'"I'll think of you every day for that," he whispers when he kisses her, "an if I come back when the war's done I'll look for you yere."'

"'The little Sanders girl—she was shorely as handsome as a pinto pony—blushes a heap vivid at what she's done, but looks warm an tender. Everybody lookin on, while the play is some onusual an out of line, agrees it's all right, bein that we all was goin to a war.

"'Now yere,' goes on Enright, at the same time callin for licker all around, 'is what you all will agree is a mighty romantic deal that away. Yere's a love affair gets launched.'

"'Does this lone hand gent who gets kissed by the Sanders lady outlive the war?' asks Texas Thompson, who has braced up an gets mighty vivacious listenin to the story.

"'Which he shorely outlives that conflict,' replies Enright, 'an you can gamble he was in the thick of the stampede, too, every time. I will say for this yere captain that, while I wasn't with him plumb through, he was as game a gent as ever fought up hill. He's one of these sports who fights an goes for'ard to his man. Thar's no white feathers on that sort. They're game as hornets. An bad.'

"'Which if he don't get downed none,' says Texas Thompson, 'an hits Tennessee alive, I offers ten to one he leads this Sanders female to the altar.'

"'An you'd lose a whole lot,' says Enright, at the same time raisin his whisky glass. 'That's what I states when I trails out on this yere reminiscence. Females is frivolous an plumb light of fancy. Now, this captain party comes back to Pine Knot, say about 2½ years later, an what do you all think! That Sanders girl's been married mighty nigh two years an has an infant child as big as a b'ar cub, which is beginnin to make a bluff at walkin. Now, on the square, an I'm as s'prised about it as you be—I was more'n s'prised; I was pained—I don't allow, lookin over results an recallin the fact of that b'ar cub infant child, that, for all her blushin an all her tears an kissin that captain party goodby that away, that the Sanders girl cares a hossha'r rope for him in a week. An it all proves what I remarks, that while females ain't malevolent malicious an don't do these yere things to pierce a gent with grief, their 'fections that away is always hoatin for the trail an is prone to move camp.

"'But, bless 'em, they can't help it none if their hearts be quicksands; an I libates to 'em agin.' Whereat we all drinks with Enright, feelin a heap similar.

"'Whatever becomes of this pore captain party?' asks Faro Nell.

"'Well, the fact about that captain,' replies Enright, settin down his glass ag'in, 'while the same is the merest incident an don't have no direct bearing on what I've been relatin; the fact in his case is he's wedded already. Nacherally after sayin "Howdy" to the little Sanders girl an applaudin of her progeny, which it looks like he fully indorses that away, this yere captain gent hits the trail for Nashville, where his wife's been keepin camp an waitin for him all the time.'"—Dan Quinn in San Francisco Examiner.

Her Loss His Gain.

Dramatis personæ, a small street gamin leaning idly against a tree. On the opposite side of the street a young woman carrying her pocketbook in her hand. Coming toward her the ubiquitous man who rescues damsels in distress. Just as these two met on the muddy crossing the young woman dropped her pocketbook in the mud. It fell open, and the usual assortment of thimbles, pennies, scissors, samples and dimes was scattered broadcast.

"Allow me," said the young man, and the owner of the pocketbook blushed becomingly and allowed him to go down on his knees in the mud to rescue her possessions. When he had picked up the rolling dimes and pennies and restored them with the other articles to the purse, he saw that she was still uneasy.

"Is anything missing?" he asked solicitously.

"No. That is, nothing but a penny."

"Oh!" and lifting his hat he walked on, not having received so much as a "thank you" for the service. But then she was very pretty.

There is a climax to this story. When the young woman had ceased looking for lost property, she went on her way, and the street gamin darted across the street from his post of observation, and in a moment he had found that lost penny under the stone where he saw it roll, and, as he walked away with it hidden in his cheek butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth.—Detroit Free Press.

Success With Cowpeas.

A contributor to Rural New Yorker reports his experiments with cowpeas. He bought a worn out grain farm which he desired to turn into a garden as rapidly as possible. The problem was to take soil so exhausted that it would not produce an average crop of wheat and improve it so that it would produce a full crop of onions or cabbage. The farm is so situated that stable manure is not available, and he has been obliged to follow the chemicals and clover system—i. e., grow green crops to give the desired humus and use chemicals for the minerals and part of the nitrogen. Cowpeas have produced heavy crops on this farm. In last year's drought, they gave a larger yield than any other [illegible]

A CATECHISM.

What bends men's figures to an S?
The bicycle.
While ladies ride with gracefulness?
The bicycle.
And what makes Daphne with alarm,
From sudden spill foreboding harm,
Yield her slim waist to a man's arm?
The bicycle.

What makes Amanda save and scrape?
The bicycle.
Till she can buy the latest shape?
The bicycle.
What makes a joint last days on days,
Turned and returned in sundry ways
Of hash, rissoles and rechauffes?
The bicycle.

What plays the deuce with Yankee trade?
The bicycle.
What's now the only "notion" made?
The bicycle.
What makes the carriage builder slack?
What cheapens cob and nag and hack,
While the financiers boom and crack?
The bicycle.

What turns the scholar to a dunce?
The bicycle.
He rides (he used to study once)
The bicycle.
Why are neurotic novels shut,
And minor poets all uncut,
And everything neglected but
The bicycle?

—St. James Gazette.

A QUEER ELOPEMENT.

"Well, yes, that's about all it amounts to—a peon's hut. However, Augustinita will always give you a cup of excellent coffee. And when the trains are late in either direction, you have no alternative but to accept the hospitality of 'old mamma,' as the railroad men call her." And my pleasant acquaintance of an hour or so led me to the small entrance of a hut thatched with tules. The little mud structure was built against the face of a hill. There were birdcages filled with a variety of beautiful birds and such other evidences of civilization as a goat, a turkey and jardinieres of flowers, yet the habitation belonged to the age of the cave dwellers, I decided, as I groped my way apparently into the bowels of the earth.

After a few moments my eyes grew accustomed to the half light, and I could see quite well.

"Wow-wow-wow!" growled a heavy bass voice from the inner room. The words were indistinguishable.

"What a deep voice that man has!" I said innocently. "Mexican men, as a rule, have such light voices!"

"That's not a man; it's Augustinita," replied my friend.

I am acquainted with that pleasant little custom of Mexico which holds to childhood's tender diminutives long after old age has fallen on one. Still, I confess, Augustinita—which would be "dear little Gussie" in English—was a slight shock. She was of huge bulk, and her old face was like a withered, brown apple for wrinkles; but her eyes were as bright as stars in a tropic sky and she had on that old countenance a most shrewd expression.

Augustinita delivered our orders to some one in the farther cave—I cannot call it a room—in her rumbling bass, put her long, brown cheroot back in her mouth and waddled behind a mat made from reeds hung from the ceiling. She brought out a clean, white cloth, which she spread with care, and on that put some American plates and cups and a Guadalajara water bottle. I sat on a long bench drawn close to the table, watching the old woman.

"I want you to take a good look at Manuela when she comes in. She is quite a belle with the men who eat here," said my friend, who had told me his name was Stacey.

Manuela came in and went out again that moment. I was almost startled by her face. "Why, she's a beauty," I said.

"She has a good figure," said my companion, with assumed indifference, "but you get a straight look at her, and you won't think her such a beauty."

If long, red braids, soft, brown skin and limpid, gray eyes can make beauty, then was Manuela beautiful. On closer examination, however, her face lost much of its beauty, so coarse was her red mouth and so hard and bold her expression.

She switched her skirts and put her hands on her hips and her head to one side, after a fashion I had known but not loved well in time gone by.

"I could weep for very home sickness, she is so like the waiter girls in the frontier towns, if she had more bang and bustle," I said.

Mr. Stacey smiled.

"I mean more slap and dash. She is so quiet," I exclaimed hurriedly, seeing the construction he was putting on "bang and bustle."

After looking at his watch my companion said: "We have yet an hour to wait. I'll tell you about Manuela's elopement."

So, while eating calabashes, chile con carne and frijoles fritos with "old mamma" sitting in the corner, her glittering eyes the only live thing about her, with Manuela flirting in and out, bringing the highly seasoned Mexican dishes and bestowing soft, furtive smiles on my comrade, I heard of the elopement of Manuela.

"Branscombe, one of the men who used to eat here, fell in love with Manuela's red braids and buxom figure. It was reciprocated by her, but 'old mamma' hated him and never winked her little rattlesnake eyes when he was round. He was a rough sort of fellow, and, it was said, had a wife or so and a lot of children up in the States, but as that cuts no ice here in Mexico he kept right on making love to Manuela. He was greatly annoyed by Augustinita, who was ever to the fore and would not efface herself. So one night he got the girl to run away with him on a south bound freight—queer vehicle for an elopement, a freight train!

"Augustinita reached the station just as the train pulled out. She was almost frothing with rage and went stamping round the platform, calling on all the Aztec gods for assistance.

"She calmed down after a time and asked the night operator's advice, and he told her that the only way to catch her daughter was to hire an engine and follow on that.

"'Old mamma' took fire at once and sent a message to the superintendent asking for an engine. They wired back, 'Yes,' if she would pay $100 for the first hour and $50 for each succeeding hour. Pretty steep, but, you see, they pinched her because she was a pilao. Pilao is derived from pilado—peeled, without clothes or anything else. They knew Augustinita had quite a bit of money put away, and it is the proper thing to keep the pilaos true to their name and caste—peeled.

"Augustinita was blooded. She bit her teeth down on her cheroot and said, 'Send for it.'

"In about two hours the engine came thundering in from Aguas Calientes. Tom Haskins was the pilot, and the engineer was one of the best on the extra list.

"The road was clear for a half dozen stations, and they went whizzing along, 60 kilometers an hour.

"'Old mamma' [illegible] looking out of the cab window, [illegible] cited, because she was unable to keep her cheroot lighted. Finally she tired of trying to smoke and simply clasped her jaws on her puro and sat immovable, with her beady eyes fastened on the rails ahead.

"They met the passenger train in the early morning, and, as word had gone from one end of the line to the other, of course the trainmen had informed the passengers, and, with heads out of windows, and the platforms crowded, they cheered and laughed as the engine ran by. One wag shouted: 'Harry, and you'll catch them. They're just round the bend!'

"Not 30 minutes later, at the next station, was the freight train, humbly side tracked, waiting the enemy.

"They had had a terrible time assisting Augustinita in the cab. You can see for yourself she weighs about 275, and clumsy at that. Haskins and the engineer pulled, and the fireman, who was a Mexican, pushed, and Augustinita struggled and grunted and finally was landed. But when she saw the yellow caboose she frisked out like a kitten. The engineer, who is a spiritualist, said that the spirits helped her. Haskins said he would have been much more grateful to them if they had helped her in, but he thought they showed good sense in taking the easy end of the job.

"Haskins was afraid Branscombe would shoot or abuse the old woman in some way, so he went with her to the caboose. The two were sitting on a sort of locker. He had his arm about the girl, and, beyond rising, they made no change in their position. Haskins, on the platform, hovered near the open door.

"Augustinita walked up to them and asked Manuela in her politest basso to come home. The girl gave an impudent answer, and poor 'old mamma' turned to Branscombe, who laughed in her face and gave Manuela a fervent kiss. Later in the day the thought of that kiss and others made Branscombe's blood turn to ice.

"Now, Augustinita had followed her daughter because she loved her and wished to save her from the fate Branscombe had in store for her. Besides she is a thrifty old body, and Manuela's beauty brings a great many centavos to the house. Many of the men eat here merely to get a look in her big gray eyes.

"At Branscombe's laugh Augustinita burst out: 'Caramba! No more will you laugh this day! Look!'

"With a surprisingly quick movement she pulled off Manuela's chal and tore open her high necked camisa. Branscombe gave one glance and staggered heavily against the wall.

"'Keep away!' he screamed, with outstretched hands. 'For God's sake, keep away! Don't let her come near me! I'll hit you if you touch me!' as the girl endeavored to catch at him, pleading with him in her soft tongue.

"Branscombe, mad with fear, was deaf. Although he had threatened to strike her he did not do it, for it would bring his flesh in contact with hers. The terror stricken man, shaking her off, ran out of the car and down the track.

"Manuela covered her breast and walked sulkily back with her mother to the engine.

"Hawkins said it was an awful sight—those shining, livid, white blotches on the brown skin, a sight he could not forget for many a day."

I rose, sick and trembling. That was one of the loathsome sights of Mexico to which I could never accustom myself, and the thrill of horror I had felt on seeing the first white patched, frosty headed leper returned.

"Don't get frightened, madam," said my friend, eating his salsa with gusto. "'Old mamma' had just painted Manuela up in her sleep. If she had been a leper, Branscombe would have been welcome to her. Do you think that old lady would spend $500 recovering damaged goods?"

I looked at "old mamma," sitting on the earth floor comfortably smoking, and she looked back with her diamond eyes, and I thought it not likely.—Edith Wagner in Argonaut.

A Fisherman's Story.

"About ten years ago—yes, just ten years—I pulled a bass out of the water that looked to weigh about a pound, and the line broke at a distance of about a foot from the hook," said the fisherman.

"And then, about five years afterward," another hastened to interrupt, "you caught him again, with the hook and line still in his mouth, and the fish had grown to weigh ten pounds."

The fisherman looked pained at this ruthless capture of his best story and answered: "No, sir. He weighed less than two ounces. His vitality had all been consumed by the line, which had grown to 28 feet 3½ inches of clothesline."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Austrian Dynasty.

The present emperor of Austria is Francis Joseph, who ascended the throne Dec. 2, 1848. He is of the royal house of Hapsburg, which has held the throne since 1282. Twenty-six sovereigns of this house have ruled over Austria. Rudolph I, the nobleman who founded this royal family, built a castle on the Habichtsburg, or Hawk's mountain, whence the name of the family.

Winter Suits.

Make your selection from our varied assortment of modest, genteel suits. Our business suits have wearing properties that make them all wool wonders—$6.50, $8, $10, $18.

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GREENEWALD'S

124 MAIN STREET,

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1897.

"We have met the enemy and we are theirs," for the present.

In spite of the fact that so many cabinets have been arranged for Major McKinley, the one that will be chosen will be of his own construction and entirely American—all wool and a yard wide. Bear that in mind.

Commissioner Jewett retires from three years' service in the commissioners' office with the satisfaction of knowing that he [illegible] stood by his Republican friends. The Miner hopes that prosperity may smile on him through life.

Messrs. Cannon, Freeman and Gray, the new board of county auditors, started on their duties last Monday, and for the next few weeks their dreams will be disturbed by columns of figures that will make [illegible] anything but pleasant.

Things in the treasurer's office goes on as usual, there being no changes made. Treasurer Clark is proving a capable official and Deputy [illegible] is ever obliging and pleasant to the patrons of the office. May fortune smile on these gentlemen.

The Miner wishes to congratulate Silas Bush on being retained as janitor of the court house. Mr. Bush has proved himself to be a capable man for the position. The different rooms in the building are kept neat and clean. Success to you, Mr. Bush.

In the retention of T. H. Ryan as Superintendent of the county farm the new board of commissioners displayed excellent judgment. Mr. Ryan carefully looks after every detail belonging to that extensive establishment. He is the right man in the right place.

Last Monday the Miner man dropped into District Attorney Gorton's office and found him busy at work on his briefs. No change there; every thing moves along as usual. The Miner wishes him success during his term of office and continued prosperity ever after.

E. M. Keene, who for three years has successfully discharged the duties of commissioners' clerk, retires in favor of Mr. Weaver. It was somewhat disappointing to Mr. Keene as he had great hopes of being retained. But he is a capable man and will soon receive a position, perhaps more profitable.

Senator J. Donald Cameron's resolution favoring the recognition of Cuba has been laid on the table until after the New Year, either to give the law makers an opportunity to brace up for the occasion or to take time to consider the best way to proceed with the matter. The chances are that it will fail to pass.

S. D. Weaver, one of Kane's brightest business men, was chosen as commissioners' clerk. Mr. Weaver's wide business experience has well qualified him for such an important position, and he will make an exceptionally competent clerk. He will soon move his family here. The Miner hopes his sojourn among us will be pleasant.

Sheriff Davis' selection of W. B. Clark as his deputy was excellent, and meets with the hearty approbation of everyone. Mr. Clark seems to fall in to the old routine as naturally as falling off a log. Mr. Davis is to be congratulated on making such an excellent choice. The Miner extends to Mr. Clark good wishes for three years to come and preferment in the future.

The Democrats of McKean country are deserving of a compliment for renominating and re-electing T. F. Hungiville county commissioner. No more capable and efficient officer ever filled that important position. He is careful and painstaking in all matters relating to the office and thoroughly understands all the duties connected therewith. The Republican members of the board are to be congratulated on having such an able colleague.

Brother Olson of the Miner, will please explain why the Business Men's League failed to deliver the goods at Harrisburg.—Bradford Era. Nothing easier, Bro. Dennison. For the very good reason that there were too many men that lacked the courage of their convictions and dared not speak out as they honestly believed. That is the reason and the only reason "why the Business Men's League failed to deliver the goods at Harrisburg."

State Senator Walter T. Merrick has seen fit to oppose the will of a large majority of the Republican voters of the district. He cannot deny the fact that a large majority of the voters signed petitions, which were placed before him asking him to cast his vote for John Wanamaker, but he refused to acquiesce to the wishes of his constituents. Well, he has his day now, but the time will come when he will find that the voters will have an inning.

W. A. Young fitted on the commissioner's harness last Monday as naturally as could be and went to work without delay. Mr. Young's three years' experience as auditor will assist him very much in the discharge of his new duties. His wide acquaintance throughout the county, coupled with that of Messrs. Davis and Hungiville his colleagues, will make it a pleasure to do business at that office, as everyone will be assured of finding some of the board with whom they have met before. Success to the new board of commissioners.

To our esteemed contemporaries on the wrong side of the Penrose-Wanamaker affair, we express our heartfelt condolence. It is a "sad case" as viewed from their standpoint, and naught but time will ease their pain.—Bradford Era. Arrah! come [illegible] a peg, will you! If you would [illegible] your honest and heartfelt convictions you would stand in need of as much sympathy as any of us who, see [illegible] at the present time? Quay [illegible] undoubtedly [illegible] their own estimation, and [illegible]. But they will [illegible]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4, '96.—Mr. Cleveland may or may not send the special message to Congress on Cuban affairs, which report says he has prepared during the recess, but his action in ordering the cruiser Vesuvius and the dispatch boat Dolphin to proceed to Florida waters and join the U. S. vessels already there in preventing filibustering, is a notification to Congress that the administration has not in the slightest changed its attitude towards Cuba. Conservative men in the Senate will endeavor to privately argue with those Senators who are regarded as likely to make incendiary speeches on the Cameron resolution, in order to have them not speak at all or at any rate if they do speak, not to use language calculated to excite the country. There is no question that the conservative men in both branches of Congress, regardless of their personal opinion about what should ultimately be done by this government, believe that as long as the matter has been allowed to stand up to this time it will be wisest to leave it unacted upon until the change of administration. And it is the opinion of your correspondent that whatever the Senate may do, the house will take this view of the matter and will do nothing.

The fact most strongly brought out by the first week of the tariff hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee is that taken as a whole the men who have appeared before the committee have taken a common sense business view of the tariff, and have asked for nothing that could not be granted without violating the announced intention of the committee to make a moderate tariff bill—just enough protection to give our own manufacturers, producers and working men the first call on the American market, admittedly the best in the world. Needless to say that Chairman Dingley and his Republican colleagues on the Committee are pleased with the hearings as far as they have gone. It would have been a waste of time for anybody to have asked unreasonable things, but it is none the less pleasing that they have not done so.

The House reassembles with a programme mapped out for a week's work outside of the appropriation bills, which are being steadily pushed ahead by the committees. Tuesday and Wednesday the Loud bill shutting novels, books published serially and sample copies of newspapers out of the privilege of being sent through the mail at pound rates will be discussed and disposed of. The fate of the bill is in doubt with the chances slightly in favor of its being defeated by a small margin. Thursday the Pacific railroad funding bill will be taken up, and after four days discussion it will be voted upon. The general opinion is that it will pass, although its opponents will make a strong fight against it and are claiming they can defeat it.

While Republicans in Congress have nothing but good wishes to express toward the trip Senator Wolcott has undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining what is thought in Europe of the proposed effort to bring about international bimetalism, which this Congress will authorize and which will be made early in the administration of President McKinley, they do not wish the statement to go uncontradicted that Senator Wolcott went upon this errand at the request of the Republican caucus committee, or of President elect McKinley. This contradiction can best be given in Senator Wolcott's own words: "I am going solely at the request of the Bimetallic League to examine into the general sentiment throughout the world and report to the League. I go informally and unofficially, and I deprecate any publication which intimates anything else. The League desires to know before the extra session of Congress is called, exactly what the situation is. I expect to be able to return and make my report within two months. I cannot say what my course will be abroad, except that I will first consult with the Bimetallic League of Great Britain."

The Republican Senators are just human enough not to do anything to prevent the silver Democrats carrying out their threat of hanging up the nominations of gold Democrats sent to the Senate by Mr. Cleveland, except in cases where failure to confirm might make future trouble, as for instance Secretary Francis'. It might make disagreeable and costly legal complications for years if the Senate fails to act upon his nomination to be Secretary of the Interior, and the Republican Senators will see that his nomination is acted upon; but in the other cases, every nomination left unacted upon means another appointment placed at the disposal of President McKinley. Republican Senators would not have originated such a method of increasing the party patronage, but they are not called upon to interfere now that the silver Democrats have done so.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The lesson taught by President-elect McKinley will work wonders for the American manufacturers of cloth, as well as the tailors. If a suit of clothes manufactured from American wool and made by our tailors is good enough for the President of the United states to wear at his inauguration it ought, in all reason, be good enough for anyone to wear on American soil.

THE Republican members of the Senate and Assembly at Harrisburg last Tuesday night held a caucus for the purpose of nominating a candidate for United Senator to succeed J. Donald Cameron. State Senator Boies Penrose and John Wanamaker were the only two candidates that had any following. The first vote resulted as follows: Penrose 133, Wanamaker 73. State Senator Kauffman of Lancaster then made a motion to make the nomination unanimous. Quay and Penrose are in the saddle and the majority of the Republican voters of Pennsylvania can take the tow path for a season.

IT is now Sheriff J. F. Davis. For three years Mr. Davis has acted as deputy sheriff and has given excellent satisfaction in the discharge of his duties. Being well qualified by three years of experience there is no reason in the world why he should not pass through his term with pleasure to himself and satisfaction to all concerned. His pleasant family need no introduction to our many readers. The Miner congratulates them on their advancement and hopes their three years in this responsible position may be profitable and pleasant.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER LEMUEL DAVIS came down from Kane last Friday to somewhat familiarize himself with the duties of the office. Mr. Davis comes among us well recommended and well qualified to discharge the many duties evolving upon a county commissioner. He is a man of ripe experience in business, and with the determination to do the right as he sees it, and with all a staunch Republican. The Miner congratulates [illegible]

THE COUNTRY'S VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

The Total Number of Votes Was Nearly 13,900,000. McKinley Had 630,745 Plurality Over Bryan and 316,399 Majority.

The total vote was 13,888,762. McKinley (Rep.) received 7,101,401; Bryan (Dem.), 6,470,656; Palmer (Gold Standard), 135 956; Levering (Pro.), 130,560; Bentley (Nat.), 14,392; Matchett (Socialist), 33,538.

McKinley's plurality is, therefore, 630,745, and his majority over all 316,399.

The following table shows the vote cast in the several States for the principal candidates:—

States.	McKinley.	Bryan.	Palmer.	Levering.
Alabama	54,737	131,226	6,4[illegible]	2,147
Arkansas	38,512	110,103	——	[illegible]
California	146,688	144,766	——	2,573
Colorado	26,271	161,269	......	1,717
Connecticut	110,297	56,740	4,336	1,806
Delaware	20,352	16,679	966	355
Florida	10,988	31,517	1,639	728
Georgia	60,191	94,232	2,708	5,613
Idaho	6,324	23,192	——	181
Illinois	607,130	465,613	6,390	9,796
Indiana	323,959	305,364	2,379	3,056
Iowa	289,293	223,741	4,516	3,192
Kansas	159,541	173,042	1,209	1,723
Kentucky	218,055	217,795	5,019	4,574
Louisiana	22,037	77,175	1,834	——
Maine	80,425	33,104	1,864	1,571
Maryland	136,978	104,746	2,507	5,922
Massachusetts	278,976	105,711	11,749	2,998
Michigan	293,327	237,261	6,930	4,978
Mississippi	4,849	63,253	104	390
Minnesota	193,503	139,735	3,210	4,360
Missouri	304,940	363,652	2,355	2,169
Montana	10,494	42,866	[illegible]	186
Nebraska	102,565	115,625	2,705	1,196
Nevada	1,939	8,377	......	——
New Hampshire	55,671	21,086	3,420	778
New Jersey	221,367	133,675	6,372	5,414
New York	819,838	551,369	19,396	16,052
North Carolina	155,222	174,488	575	635
North Dakota	26,335	20,686	——	358
Ohio	525,991	477,495	1,857	5,067
Oregon	48,711	46,739	976	919
Pennsylvania	728,300	427,127	11,000	19,274
Rhode Island	36,437	14,459	1,166	1,160
South Carolina	9,313	58,801	824	——
South Dakota	41,042	41,225	——	683
Tennessee	[illegible]	168,8[illegible]	1,951	3,098
Texas	167,520	[illegible]	5,080	1,786
Utah	13,484	64,866	21	......
Vermont	50,991	10,607	1,329	733
Virginia	135,361	155,968	2,216	2,347
Washington	39,574	51,646	148	968
West Virginia	105,368	94,480	673	1,219
Wisconsin	268,135	165,5[illegible]	4,584	7,509
Wyoming	10,024	10,762	——	142
Total	7,101,401	6,470,656	[illegible]	130,560

JUDGES AND LIQUOR LICENSES.

Judge Thayer objects to making Judges the dispensers of licenses to sell liquor because of its pernicious influence on the Judges themselves. The conservative, sober-minded element of the people, whose influence procured the passage of the high license law, are not disposed to yield the provision which makes the judges of the courts the judges of what applicants are and what are not fit to be intrusted with the business of conducting a saloon and selling intoxicating liquor. It is felt by them that no better tribunal could be selected. True, judges are somewhat erratic and interpret their discretion variously. Some Judges license all applicants against whom no specific charges are proved, while others will license none, holding that no saloons are necessary for the accommodation of the public within their county.

These are the extremes. The usual result of the high license law has been a diminution in the number of saloons and increase in their respectability. That is, the business is carried on in a more orderly manner than before. Violence and demonstrative drunkenness are discouraged by the saloonkeepers, who depend on their good repute for the renewal of their licenses, and all the laws regulating the sale of liquor are much better observed than before the saloonkeepers were put upon their good behavior. These beneficial results are visible and are found to be due not simply to the high license law but to the careful and conscientious manner in which as a rule it is enforced by the Judges of the Courts of Quarter Sessions.

But there is another view of the question which Judge Thayer presents. What is the influence of this unjudicial task on the judges themselves? Judge Thayer says that "it is eating away the confidence and respect of the people in their judges." If this is so the State is securing an improved saloon service at too great a sacrifice. We venture to say that the better portion of the community is not at all aware, from their own observation, of any diminution in the confidence and respect in which our judges are held. But Judge Thayer refers probably to the class of men who haunt our Quarter Sessions and who cannot conceive of any other reason why one man gets a license and another is refused except on the theory that the license judges are corruptly influenced in favor of the successful applicant. It is certainly most unfortunate that this estimate of the judges should obtain among the class which most of all ought to look up to the judges of our criminal courts with respect and with a firm belief in their unapproachability.

Judge Thayer suggests that the benefits of the present system would be retained without its drawbacks by placing between the court and the license applicant an intermediate excise board appointed by the judges to discharge the present duties of the license court. There is merit in the suggestion which may possibly bear fruit hereafter, if it appears that Judge Thayer's view of the pernicious effects of the license court business on Judges is shared largely by the present Judges of the State.—Phila. Press.

THE MINER takes pleasure in commending the course of Hons. H. H. North and R. A. Dempsey, our representatives in the legislature at Harrisburg, in obeying the instructions of the majority of their constituents on the vote for United States Senator. It is true their votes failed to elect the man whom they supported, but it is like "good seed sown upon good ground," and it will bring forth a harvest in due time. The will of the majority of the Republican voters of the great State of Pennsylvania cannot always be held under the heel of oppression.

EVERYTHING in the Prothonotary and Recorder's office goes on just as though there had been no election in November. Mr. Mitchell and his able deputies, Messrs. Morrison and Specht, in the first named office keep everything moving like clock work. Ever genial and obliging it is truly a pleasure to transact business there. Deputy Recorder Choate and his two lieutenants, Dickinson and Eastman, are ever faithful in the discharge of their duties, always aiming to please the patrons of the office. The MINER hopes that fortune will ever smile on all the above named gentlemen.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat—semi-weekly—Tuesday and Friday—eight pages every week—ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR is unquestionably the biggest, best and cheapest national news journal published in the United States. Strictly Republican in politics, it still gives all the news, and gives it at least three days earlier than it can be had from any weekly paper published anywhere. It is indispensable to the farmer, merchant or professional man who desires to keep promptly and thoroughly posted, but has not the time to read a large daily paper; while its great variety of well selected reading matter makes it invaluable as a home and family paper. Remember the price, ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Sample copies free.

Address, Globe Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The old way of delivering messages by post-boys compared with the modern telephone, illustrates the old tedious methods of breaking colds compared with their almost instantaneous cure by One Minute Cough Cure. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickler, East Smethport.

To cure all old sores, to heal an indolent ulcer, or to speedily cure piles, you need simply apply DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve according to directions. Its soothing action will surprise you. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickler [illegible]

A TRUE STATEMENT.

The New York Sun sums up the situation of the two parties thusly:

The truth is, and we acknowledge it frankly, though sadly, that at this time the only political organization which stands between society and threatened disruption is the Republican party. It is now the party of order and of the rights of property against social and political forces arrayed for their destruction. That is a fact which all conservative men, whatever may have been their previous partisan allegiance, must face squarely. The Democratic party is at least temporarily disorganized. Officially it is in the control of of the dangerous combination which polled so vast a vote for Bryan; and the men who dominated the Chicago convention will struggle to their utmost to retain their hold on it. Nothing has appeared since the election which affords any form of encouragement that their power will be broken, and it is not likely that the situation will change materially during the next two years, or until the elections for the new Congress then to be held. Meantime patriotism, and even regard for the preservation of civilization, must find their expression in the Republican party.

An Interesting Letter.

EDITOR MINER—Being an old timer of McKean county and having returned here on a visit with time limited so I cannot see all my friends I will, with your consent, take the opportunity of saying a few words through your paper before I leave. As you all remember I left Clermont in the spring of '83 and took up government lands in Edwards county, South Dakota, where I still live and own a good farm of 320 acres, well stocked with cattle, horses, etc., and must say I am well satisfied with my situation. I am glad to note the great change that has taken place during my absence and am also glad of the part my countrymen took in helping to clear up the land and make for themselves good homes.

Anyone wishing to correspond with me about the situation of the country can do so.

Thanking all my old friends whom I have met especially the Bloomster family for the courteous reception that I have received at their hands,

Enclosed please find card from which you can take some notes as regarding our climate if you choose.

Respectfully Yours

CHAS. G. LUNDQUIST.

Pioneer, Edmunds county, S. Da.,

Tours to Florida.

No district in America presents, during the winter season, so many varied attractions as the State of Florida. Besides its delightful climate, which to one escaping from the cold and unhealthful changes of the North seems almost ethereal, it is pre-eminently a land of sport and pleasure. Along its 1100 miles of salt-water coast and in its twelve hundred fresh-water lakes are fish of almost every conceivable variety, from the migratory tribes common to Northern waters to tarpon, pompano, and others of a more tropical character. Nowhere in all our broad land can the angler find a greater variety of game or better sport.

Here also the most enthusiastic hunter finds satiety. Deer, turkeys, bears, panthers, and wild cats roam at large through the more sparsely settled regions while birds of all kinds may be found in abundance throughout the State. The more novel sport of alligator and manatee hunting may be indulged in by the more adventurous tourist.

With its matchless climate, its orange groves, its rivers and lakes, its boating and bathing, its fishing and hunting, and its extensive forests, Florida presents unrivaled attractions for the valetudinarian, the lover of nature, the sportsman and the explorer.

To this attractive State the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged four personally conducted tours during the season of 1897, leaving by special train January 26, Feb. 9 and 23 and March 9. The first three tours will admit of a sojourn of two weeks in this delightful land; tickets for the fourth tour will be valid to return until May 31, by regular trains.

Rates for the round trip, $50 from New York $48.00 from Philadelphia and proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information, apply to ticket agents, special booking offices, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

One thing is certain; it will not do to fool with a bad cold. No one can tell what the end will be. Pneumonia, catarrh, chronic bronchitis, if not consumption, invariably result from a neglected cold. It is surprising too, that bad colds are so often neglected when one remembers how easily and at what little expense they may be cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is always prompt and effectual, and costs but a trifle; 25 or 50 cents is a trifle as compared with the disastrous effects of a neglected cold. Mr. Abner Mercer of Dilworthtown, Chester county Pa., in speaking of this remedy, said: "Some time ago I had a bad cold and cough. I tried almost everything. Finally Mr. Hunt, the druggist, recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and one 50 cent bottle of it cured me entirely." For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Change of Time on the B., R. & K. Ry.

January 1st a new time card went into effect. Trains leave Smethport at 8:10 a.m., 10 a. m. and 5:10 p. m.

Train leaving at 8:10 a. m. connects at Bradford with Erie train 2 for all points west and at Kane with P. & W. train 70 for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

Train leaving at 4:10 p. m. connects at Bradford with Erie train 10 for all points east,—Pullman sleeping car Carrollton to New York, and at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, St. Marys, Emporium, Williamsport, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington with through sleeping car, etc.

NOTICE.

To Commissioners and supervisors of McKean and adjoining counties. I am now prepared to furnish iron and steel bridges of any size or duplicate any bridges, do stone work and complete bridge structures. Will furnish plans and specifications on application.

A. [illegible], Contractor, Smethport, Pa.

THE OLDEST AND THE BEST

Cough-cure, the most prompt and effective remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. As an emergency medicine, for the cure of Croup, Sore Throat, Lung Fever and Whooping Cough,

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral cannot be equaled. E. M. BRAWLEY, D. D., Dis. Sec. of the American Baptist Publishing Society, Petersburg, Va., endorses it, as a cure for violent colds, bronchitis, etc. Dr. Brawley also adds: To all ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Awarded Medal at World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Cure Liver and Stomach Troubles.

ORLO L. BARD East Smethport

(Successor to H. N. Allen)

Keeps in stock a fine line of

GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
TOBACCO
and CIGARS.

Fresh Fruit

OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Canned Fruit

OF EVERY KIND A SPECIALTY.

Be Sure To Call.

Dont fail to Call

And see us when loooking for bargains in JEWELRY

AND

Silver and Gold Plated goods of superiority and great variety.

Injustice to no one and fair dealing with all is our motto.

Leave your orders for repairing and same will receive prompt attention.

Very great caution should be exercised in the selection of Jewelry.

Every article selected from my stock guaranteed as represented.

Remember, we guarantee best value for your investment.

SILVER.

Come and Examine My Stock, Get Prices, and You Will Be a Permanent Customer.

We are ready to talk Columbia prices and styles for 1897.

M.L.Armstrong.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Blacksmithing.

Anything you need in this line will receive prompt attention if you will bring it to me and the work and price will be right. Carriage painting and wood working departments in connection.

A NEW CARRIAGE can be purchased here cheaper than elsewhere and it is good, too.

T. H. PURTLE

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

CIGARS

AND DEALER IN

CHEWING AND SMOKING Tobacco, Pipes, Etc.

SMETHPORT, PA.

An Ordinance

RELATING TO THE LAYING OUT AND OPENING OF A NEW STREET IN THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT, SAID STREET TO BE CALLED WILLOW STREET.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the borough of Smethport, McKean county, Penn., and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of the same, that a new street be ordered and laid out and opened as follows:

Said street shall be thirty-four feet in width and shall be called Willow street, and the centre line of which street shall be located as follows: Beginning at an iron post standing in the center of Nelson street, [illegible] rods north from a stone in the centre of Bank and Nelson streets; thence running west to Mechanic street and that said street shall be opened for public use.

Dec. 14, 1896. FRANK KERNS, President.

Attest: A. T. PALMER, Secretary.

Approved Dec. 15, 1896. F. W. BROWNELL, Burgess.

Notice to Property Owners.

In the matter of the opening and laying out of Willow street in the borough of Smethport, Pa. | In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County. [illegible] Feb. Term 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned viewers appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county to view and assess damages or levy contributions, as the case may be, in the matter of opening Willow street in Smethport boro, will meet upon the premises at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 7th day of January, 1897, when all persons interested may be heard with reference thereto.

C. M. [illegible], J. C. [illegible], A. [illegible], Viewers.

Cohn Brothers, BRADFORD, PA. | Cohn Brothers, BRADFORD, PA.

Stock-Taking Time.

Now on hand. It is our custom before taking our annual inventory to place on special sale all remaining winter stuffs at greatly reduced prices. Every article has been made to feel the purse of quick selling and whether it be a pair of woolen hose or a fur jacket you may feel assured that the knife suffer both alike.

The old Price and the new Price are in plain figures—One Price.

Dress Goods.

No matter how a dry goods store is judged your judgment is based upon their dress goods department.

We claim to carry one of the finest and best selected stocks in our city. In medium priced goods we aim at quality and newness of weaves.

In our high class novelties we carry exclusive patterns, confined to us alone.

Lot all wool serges, cashmeres and novelties in choice colorings, formerly selling upwards to [illegible]. Inventory price 24c

Scotch novelties, silk and wool plaids; all this season's choice styles, 36 and 40 inches wide. Some formerly sold as high as [illegible]. Inventory price 48c

Send for samples.

Silk Clearance.

Evening silks and rich novelties in colors and blacks, and all broken lines of high grade and medium priced silks, all made at prices which will insure their speedy sale previous to inventory.

Dark and medium colored fancy silks all very choice designs. Especially adapted for waists, etc. Inventory price 58c

Send for samples.

Corsets.

Lot of corsets made by some of the best makers, broken sizes; mostly large, several colors and shapes; one of the grandest bargains ever offered, some formerly selling as high as $1.50. Inventory price 35c

These will not last long and would advise an early attendance to secure one.

Yarns.

We carry all colors and shades of one of the best makes in the market.

To close lot of odd colors in Germantown Knitting Yarns we will place on sale about [illegible] skeins—brown, blue cardinal, red, tan, etc. formerly selling as high as 15c. Inventory price 5c

Cloaks.

Previous to stock-taking we have made tremendous reductions in all our Jackets and Capes.

Imported Irish Frieze Jackets, satin lined, inlaid velvet collar, straight button fronts and tailor made, reduced from $10 to $6

Embroidered Plush Capes trimmed in Thibet fur well lined and finished reduced from [illegible]

COHN BROTHERS,

20 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

FOOTWEAR FOR CHRISTMAS.

A Large Assortment for Ladies and Gentlemen Received this Week.

Lamb's Wool Soles

For Knit Slippers, for Christmas Gifts.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, Rubbers.

Try Our Shoe Dressing.

"Gilt Edge" for Ladies, "Elite" for Gentlemen.

ALBERT ANDERSON,

Callar Block, Smethport, Pa.

ARMSTRONG & CO.

Have a large line of

PICTURES, GAMES, BOOKS, ALBUMS.

The largest and finest line of

PERFUMES & ATOMIZERS

in the County.

Call early and examine stock.

Diaries for 1897 now in.

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A large and complete line of

Ladies' Cloaks and Capes!

All New Styles for Coming Winter at

J. COLEGROVE'S,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Mention the Miner when writing or calling.

Seely's New Society Perfume, Ave Maria, is an exquisite production of daintiness. It is a Society Fad among refined people from ocean to ocean, and is considered the proper thing by all persons who give perfume using more than a passing thought. Sprays from an Ave Maria atomizer captivate you at once; and, by the way, if you are at all interested in "Soap Nicety" and perfection, let us show you Seely's Almond Milk Soap, the great skin beautifier. Fine enough for Queen Victoria, but not a bit too nice for you. Our price, 10c a cake. Money cheerfully given back if you yourself do not think it the equal of any 25c Soap in the market.

THE PALACE PHARMACY.

A. W. COLEGROVE, PROP'R.

OUR

WINTER SUITINGS AND FASHION PLATES

Are now ready for your inspection. Come in and make your selections.

H. W. RUBIN & CO

This Space will tell of great bargains in Millinery next week.

Mrs. T. D. Nash

ANDREWS & CONKLING. | AN[illegible] CONKLING.

At Olean there is a store the size of which would do justice to any city. It is light, clean, up-to-date and has all modern improvements, elevators, electric lights, etc. The line of goods carried embraces everything in the house-furnishing line. This firm has been established 15 years and number their friends and customers by the thousand, in fact, it is a household phrase among the people; "Did you get it at Andrews & Conkling's?" They deal in nothing but first-class goods and the prices are lower than the average dealers charge for inferior goods. If fair and honest treatment of customers is deserving of reward, this firm is entitled to an increased trade. They have a growing trade, in fact, they almost supply the needs of western New York and northern Pennsylania. The stock embraces all kinds of furniture wall paper, carpets, rugs, draperies, linoleums, mattings, window shades, curtain poles, fancy tables, brass and iron beds, white dressers, folding beds, sideboards, baby carriages, couches, office furniture, pictures and picture framing, room mouldings, etc. They pay the freight on all purchases and sew the carpet free. It will pay any one to go to Olean and look over their large stores, over 40,000 square feet is devoted to their business. The firm name and location is

ANDREWS & CONKLING.

127-129 UNION ST., OLEAN, N. Y.

ECONOMICAL BUYING.

Many people know how much this store can save them. Many people don't. We are trying to reach those who don't. Those who do will come anyway. Some people would be willing to pay an extra price here, just to choose from such an enormous variety; but prices are lower than any competition can touch. We could never have second such a trade if they were not

Stable Blankets.

30 styles for you to select from including the famous Burlington Blanket the "stay on" kind. No straps or surcingles necessary.

Prices $1.15 up.

Horse Blankets.

Square ones—12 styles, including all the famous ones.

Prices $2.00 up.

Sleds.

About 25 styles of Children's Sleds and Cutters.

Lieds, 40c. up.

Cutters, $2.50 up.

The fastest sleds made for boys

The handsomest ones for girls.

Skates.

The most improved skates for all people—50c. up.

Sleigh Bells and Chimes.

Fur robes—warn lap robes.

Housekeeping Department.

Just as complete as any city in America can show. Aluminum Cooking Utensils, Labor-saving Kitchen Articles.

Lamps.

Handsome—Rochester Banquet Lamps as low as $1.75.

New style globes for lamps and gas fixtures. Princess Lamps.

Scarce two lamps alike.

China.

This China department is the marvel of this store. We keep 40 styles of Dinner Sets alone constantly in stock.

Dinner Sets from $7.00 up.

Stoves.

52 styles of Stoves here, including 20 styles of ranges. Our prices sell over 500 stoves each year. New Portable Mantel heaters.

Stoves from $3.00 up.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,

EMERY & WEAVER. Bradford, Pa.

Mention the Miner when writing or calling.

1897! JANUARY SALE. 1897!

The saying is "wait until after the Holidays and you can buy goods much cheaper," and now the time has come. We propose to close out some of our line of Winter Goods, and if price will do it they will certainly go.

The weather has been mild and so it has been bad for wool underwear and if you want a bargain in this line we have got them. And the same on all wool goods.

Our Shoe Department is up to date but we have collected together a line in Ladies' and Misses' which we are bound to let go and if you are in the need or if you do not need them at present it will be your benefit to call, for the price will be so low you can't help but purchase. Now we mean what we say; do not go to the city looking for bargains when you can get them right here at home. During the next 60 days we will give you special prices on all goods through the entire store.

Yours for Fargains,

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Goods Sold Will be for Cash.

PAGE WRINKLED

F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s Mammoth Pre-Inventory SALE.

In order to have our stock at the lowest notch at the close of our business year we are inaugurating a great mark down

Trade-Boomer.

By way of emphasis we quote below prices on first-class goods which cannot fail to interest

Shrewd Buyers.

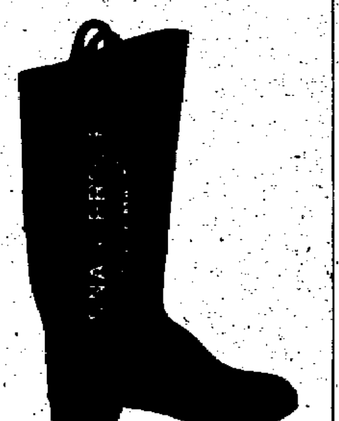
Call and inspect these offerings:

Ladies' heavy wool hose	20c.
Misses' " " "	15
Ladies' " ribbed vests long sleeves	12 1-2
Gents' heavy wool Mittens	20
Gents' heavy wool hose	20
" light " "	15
" heavy " underwear	60
All wool flannel	21

Cloaks,

We have a few desirable Coats and Capes in stock yet. We will dispose of them at

COST.



We have a complete line of the famous Lumbertville "Snag-proof" rubber goods. Best in the world.

Hats,

Latest styles just received.

Neckwear,

New line of handsomest patterns.

Groceries,

Ask about our prices.

We mention two staple commodities

Arbuckles Coffee 18c. lb.
Granulated Sugar 5c. "

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
Smethport, Pa.
Jan. 8, 1897.

Mention the Miner when writing or calling.

The New Year

Finds Gleason at the old stand making first-class pictures the same as ever. If you want a photograph get it now.

These Carbonettes

are becoming famous and gaining popularity every day. Crayons at lowest prices.

GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JAN. 8, 1897.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Remember to write it 1897.

—How does the new leaf look?

—See the new advertisement of E. C. Gleason.

—If you made any resolutions try to keep them.

—There are fourteen star boarders at Castle Davis now.

—There are 61 inmates at the county farm at the present time.

—Mrs. T. H. Ryan has been somewhat indisposed for a few days.

—Watch the space assigned to O. D. Bush in next week's issue.

—Mrs. Emil Thumm has been sick for a few days, threatened with pneumonia.

—Watch the space belonging to Mrs. T. D. Nash. She will tell you all about it.

—The Miner's mail order system for job work is becoming more popular than ever.

—The young people had a most enjoyable party at the opera house Wednesday night.

—Mrs. F. L. Holmes has been confined to the house for several days, but is improving.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick has been appointed county physician. A most excellent choice.

—Attend the farmers and breeders convention at the court house on the 8 and 9 of this month.

—Henry Hallman wishes to thank the ladies who so kindly assisted his wife during her recent illness.

—Michael McKernan died at his home on Olean Brook yesterday morning at 3:30 a. m. aged nearly 90 years.

—Judge Morrison visited Bradford Saturday last and installed the officers of John S. Melvin Post 141, G. A. R.

—We are ready to do your job work in a neat and up-to-date manner. A mail order will receive prompt attention.

—The newly elected county officials will please accept our thanks for cigars, Especially Mitchell, Weaver and Bush.

—Union services have been held at the M. E. church every night this week conducted by Reverends Sanborn and Taylor.

—There will be a business meeting of the Farmers and Breeders' Society at 12:30 sharp Saturday afternoon Jan. 9 next.

—Mayor Fagnan of Bradford is a genuine Samaritan. He does not seem to be afraid of the roadside where the poor abide.

—Waldo Sasse has accepted a position with Holmes & Gilfillan. He is now deeply interested in the mysteries of the lumber business.

—John Carlson has the contract and is building a sewer on Byron street from the main sewer up across Main to the vicinity of King street.

—The farmers and breeders of McKean county meet at the court house to-day and to-morrow. It will be time well spent to attend their meetings.

—P. H. Smith and wife of East Smethport take this method of thanking D. C. Young and the Extract Co., for favors rendered during the holidays.

—Justice Barlow of Bradford committed P. Deveres to jail on the charge of larceny Tuesday. He was brought over by Constable Osborne Wednesday.

—Supervisors and all others who are interested in good roads should attend the agricultural convention held at the court house to-day and to-morrow.

—Cohn Bro's of Bradford call attention to their extensive stock of goods in this week's issue. They are a reliable firm. Give them a call when in Bradford.

—Justice W. J. Griffiths of Kane committed Alfred Carlson to jail on the charge of fornication and bastardy. He was lodged in the castle Wednesday.

—The gentlemen who lecture at the court house to-day and to-morrow have made practical farming a life study. Do not fail to attend. Lectures free to all.

—T. H. Purtle's little daughter, Marie, has had a severe attack of pneumonia, but is improving at this writing and will soon be her bright and happy self again.

—Erastus Curtis dropped into our sanctum one day last week. He stated that he had just sent a remittance to his old home paper which he had taken for 60 years.

—We are the recipient of a brand new and capacious waste basket, donated by the force. Now come on with your snow, spring and other poetical effusions. We have room for them.

—Andrews & Conkling of Olean have a change of adv. this week. This reliable house is always to the front with seasonable goods and prices are as low as they can be found anywhere.

—The Miner wishes to thank ex-Sheriff Walker for the courteous treatment we have received at his hands, and hopes that his shadow may never grow less and continued prosperity follow him.

—There are good prospects of a furniture factory being started here in the near future. The parties at the head of the concern are hard working business men and are deserving of success.

—Matthew G. Reilly of this place and Margaret Gainor of Clermont were married at the latter place on Wednesday of last week. They will reside in Clermont. The Miner extends congratulations.

—Engineer Fred Lyman has a daughter aged 8 years who has only had two birthdays so far and will not have another one until she is sweet sixteen. It is clearly evident that she will not be burdened by birthday presents.

—The county commissioners have offered a reward of $100 and Salvatore Muscato has made an offer of a like sum for the arrest of Joe Scavelli who is wanted for the shooting of Mrs. Salvatore Muscato at Clermont last Saturday.

—A man known as Earl Wrinkle stole three watches and some clothing from his boarding house at Palestraville last Sunday night and departed under the cover of darkness. He was seen walking on the railroad track at Clermont going towards Ridgway Monday morning, or someone that answered his description.

—Jury Commissioners Ostrander and Ford are busily engaged in selecting the names of 800 men good and true to be placed in the jury wheel for the present year. John Hungerford is their clerk.

—Owing to the generosity of James McGuire of the Central we cannot quit smoking just at present. He kindly presented a box of fine American Gentleman cigars to ye editor and now we can put on airs.

—While in Buffalo recently we purchased several new series of type for the job department, including the most modern faces. If you want the people to know that you take pride in having good stationery get it at the Miner.

—Lost, Dec. 21, a pair of gold rimmed nose glasses either between here and the W. N. Y. & P. R. R. depot at East Smethport or on the train to Larabee. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning the same to this office.

—Sam E. Bell left for Lock Haven last Monday evening in answer to a subpoena from the Clinton county court as a witness in the trial of the two burglars he assisted Chief Byham to arrest at this place some time ago.—Kane Republican.

—At the Republican caucuses held in Keating township Dec. 26, Frank Fritz and Lawrence Herzog were nominated for supervisors; James Quirk and M. C. Stickler, school directors; H. A. Otto, town clerk; Burt Frisbee, collector; R. T. Reynolds, Auditor.

—The following gentlemen were elected trustees of the Baptist church here last Monday: Lewis Ramer, President; S. R. Lindsley, Secretary; George Sherburne, Frank Cummings, Wm. Hafner and John Gaskin. The board afterward elected Sheridan Gorton, Treasurer.

—The "spook" that has been troubling the territory between King and Green streets west of Church street is not as dangerous as at first supposed. It is not of the male persuasion, but wears petticoats and we will wager a red apple that she will not do any more rapping.

—All who have remembered this office with calendars for 1897 will please accept thanks for the same. A few more will suffice to cover the walls of the entire plant, and we will not need to purchase any wall paper. Special mention should be made of the calendar of the Buffalo Courier. It is one of the finest that has reached this section.

—The old and reliable mercantile house of D. C. Young has a new advertisement in this week's paper. There is not a man, woman or child in this section that is not well aware of the fact that the large dry goods emporium of D. C. Young can supply anything usually needed in that line besides, groceries, all at reasonable prices.

—Lindholm & Co., have discovered the advantage of judicious and extensive advertising and as a consequence have retained their full column space in the Miner. This firm is well known for their fair dealing and low prices. They strive to please their customers by securing the best goods on the market. Read their adv. and be convinced.

—Lena May, daughter of Mrs. W. R. Fulmer of Bradford, formerly of Coudersport died recently of black diphtheria at the age of ten years. The communication failed to state the day on which the death occurred or when the funeral took place. She was an exceptionally bright and attractive child. She had been ill for two weeks and four days.

—The new time table which went into effect Jan. 1, on the B., B. & K. R. R. will be found in another column and will be pleasing news to travelers going south and east from here on the evening train. They will not be compelled to remain in Kane over night, but can make close connections. Supt. J. C. McKenna is doing his utmost to please the traveling public.

—Last Wednesday, Dec. 30, at Olean, Mr. George C. Rowley and Miss Jessie F. Oviatt, both of Norwich, were joined in holy wedlock by Rev. W. C. Wilber of the first church. The Miner extends most hearty congratulations to the newly wedded couple and hopes that in their matrimonial voyage they may meet with no waves or breakers but that all will be peaceful and serene.

—The boiler in M. J. Healy's shingle mill at Hazel Hurst exploded last Monday killing one man and dangerously wounding another. The man killed was Charles Cole, whose body was found about six feet from the mill. Martin Delmage was seriously injured and there is little hope of his recovery. The mill is a complete wreck. Coroner Sherman was called but no inquest was held.

—O. D. Bush, one of the leading merchants of East Smethport is an applicant for the postoffice at that place. He has secured the signatures of everyone in that section. Mr. Bush will make an able and capable official and it is with pleasure that the Miner endorses his candidacy and hopes that our representative in Congress, Hon. C. W. Stone will use his influence in behalf of Mr. Bush.

—W. A. King of East Smethport returned home from Rice brook Tuesday. Mr. King sometime since purchased one hundred acres of land on Rice brook. He sold ¾ interest in the land retaining the balance for himself. The first well was drilled in and proved good for 120 barrels. Another well is being put down at the present time. Mr. King has undoubtedly struck it rich. May success crown his efforts.

—The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can have arrested any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it refused, and to send a postal card notifying the publisher, is liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft, etc.—Kane Republican.

—The Miner wishes to say to the generous hearted that the family of James Besler of East Smethport are in straightened circumstances. Mr. Besler is a cripple and his son has been under the doctors care for a long time. Last week he sustained a loss in the death of one of his horses which was a severe blow to him. The winter is on us and it behooves everyone in this christian land to see to it that no one suffers for the necessaries of life.

—This week's paper is the commencement of the thirty-fourth year of the Miner's existence. We will endeavor to make Vol. 34, better and brighter than ever. If you have a personal, local or interesting item send it in. Our columns are always open to articles of general interest to our readers. Remember we begin the year 1897 with better equipment for doing good work than ever before, therefore we feel safe in soliciting our share of the public patronage.

—Last Monday ex-Sheriff A. B. Walker and family bade adieu to our pleasant town after a sojourn among us for three years of the most pleasant association. Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their bright daughters have endeared themselves in the hearts of everybody in town by their courteous treatment, and it was with genuine regret that we saw them depart, but what is our loss is Bradford's gain, for their hosts of friends there are sure to give them a cordial welcome. The Miner wishes them continued happiness and long life.

—Miss Ella Wright of this place will not assume charge of the Bradford hospital notwithstanding the assertions of the Bradford newspapers.

—About 10 a. m., on Thursday of last week, fire was discovered in a building on Chestnut street, Bradford, near the electric light plant, occupied by Mrs. Mable Hendricks. When the firemen arrived an entrance was gained by the kitchen door. Mrs. Hendricks was found lying on the floor, face downward, dead. She presented a horrible sight. How the fire originated will never be known as the woman was alone in the house. It is claimed she was subject to heart trouble. Most of the household goods were destroyed and nothing but the walls of the house remain standing.

—C. S. King, the hustling all around landlord of the Sartwell House, did not forget the railroad employes this Christmas. A fine specimen of the turkey family—thirty-two in all—was placed at the disposal of every propeller of the iron horse over the W. N. Y. & P. R'y, including crews from conductor down. Chet lets no man out reach him in generosity and thoughtfulness.—Reporter. If "Chet" would only turn his thoughtfulness to the press.—Autograph. Ah, Cankey, there is where he had you. He knows very well that the fine morroco pocketbooks that he presented to the McKean county press fraternity would not hold the rocks usually taken in payment for Potter county journals.

—There was a gentleman in town this week, who has had considerable experience in glass works and he was discussing the question of establishing a plant here. He stated that if $8000 in stock was taken and a guarantee given that gas would be furnished for 5 cents per 1000 feet, he had no doubt but what a successful plant could be started. If our board of trade would take this matter in hand, have a meeting and discuss the matter thoroughly, there might be something accomplished. We have the gas, water and stone. A little united energy would go a long way toward inducing some manufacturer to locate here. Come gentlemen this is the beginning of a new year. Make a start and see what can be accomplished.

—The Miner man paid a short visit to Clermont last Saturday and found the people all thoroughly excited over the Italian shooting affray, and little else was talked about. Messrs. Boyd & Smith, the genial hosts of the ever popular Bayer House, were as busy as beavers looking after the comforts of their numerous patrons, but were ever ready to extend a warm hand of welcome to the arriving guests. The hostelry has gained a national reputation of which it is well worthy. No better place could be found as a home for the traveler. Justice Steinhauer had all the weight of his judicial office resting upon his shoulder, owing to the shooting affair and right manfully did he sustain his position. Dr. Corbin was a much sought after man for information as to the attempted murder and bore himself with proper dignity, awaiting the arrival of Dr. Clark for whom he had telegraphed for consultation. A call upon Geo. Rudolph, the popular tailor, satisfied us that he had found a location that promised well for the future. W. P. Mulhern, the popular ticket agent, was in the height of his glory striving to discharge his numerous duties, which he succeeded in doing with pleasure to his customers and satisfaction to his employers. The time having expired we bade adieu to the busy mountain hamlet, hoping to return soon, when our visit will be more extended, to enjoy the company of the many pleasant people to be found there.

Attempted Murder.

Last Saturday morning the mountain hamlet of Clermont was thrown into great excitement by the reported murder of an Italian woman, the wife of Salvatore Muscato. It seems that another Italian by the name of Joe Scavelli had entered the home of Muscato, which is located at the mines some 2½ miles from Clermont, while the husband was away, and, although there were two other Italians there at the time, shot the woman three times with a revolver. One shot hit her in the right shoulder, but did not penetrate very far, the ball glancing out; the next shot hit her near the point of the shoulder, taking a diagonal course and evidently lodging in the shoulder blade. The doctor probed for the ball a distance of about six inches, but failed to locate it. The third shot missed, when the man ran out of the house and escaped. The woman, although quite severely injured, went up stairs and fired a shot gun after Scavelli, but failed to hit him. The woman is in no danger from the wounds received unless blood poisoning sets in.

There is undoubtedly more to this trouble than appears on the surface. The man had very likely fallen in love with the woman and desired her to elope with him, but she failed to respond. Some time during the summer Scavelli had his leg broken, and while under the doctor's care he was staying at the house of Moscato and the chances are that he fell in love with his nurse.

Scavelli is about 30 years of age, height 5 feet 8 or 9 inches; has a thin face, small black mustache, thin in the middle and pointing back towards his ears; hair long in front; when he left he wore a black sweater, dark clothes quite good, sack coat, soft black hat, bead toed shoes. His leg was broken just above the ankle, as above mentioned, and he has a peculiar gait. There is a reward of $200 offered for his apprehension.

Obituary.

Last week, Wednesday, I. S. Gleason, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, passed away after a lingering seige with consumption. The deceased was born in Livingston county, N. Y., August 2, 1822. Afterwards he moved to Warsaw, Wyoming county. At the age of 16 years he began to learn his trade in Warsaw. He became a resident of Smethport Jan. 11, 1851, where he was employed by Steele & Johnson for three years. Then he went into business for himself in the store now occupied by Charles Lemmler. On May 21, 1854, he was joined in wedlock to Miss Emily Cornin, who still survives him. Two children blessed their union, Dora M., who died in 1877, and Ralph C., who is still unmarried and carrying on an excellent business in photography.

Mr. Gleason was a Republican in politics and was always a warm friend to all educational advantages that could be given to the young. He was a faithful Christian and an ardent worker in the Sabbath school. He had for many years been a consistent member of the M. E. church here and had been trustee and steward. During Lincoln's administration he was postmaster of Smethport. He also held various borough offices. The funeral was at 2 p. m. Jan. 1st. His many friends and neighbors turned out in large numbers to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed. Interment was at Rose Hill cemetery. The Miner extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

"Old, yet ever new, simple and beautiful ever," says the poet, in words which might well apply to Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the most efficient and scientific blood purifier ever offered to suffering humanity. Nothing but superior merit keeps it so long at the front.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Kate Taylor visited Bradford Monday.

John Gibbs of Ludlow was in town Monday.

Raymond Young returned to college Monday.

Miss Mildred Johnson has gone to Bradford to live.

Tom Morrison returned to Williams College Tuesday.

Elias Anderson of Ormsby was a pleasant caller last week.

John C. Hafner of Clermont had business in town this week.

Arthur Mitchell returned to State College at Bellefonte to-day.

Sanford Fry returned from a visit to Buffalo last Monday night.

W. W. Brewer was a guest at the Wright House Wednesday night.

Miss Lucy and Nellie Backus visited Bradford friends Monday.

Miss Edna Brennan visited friends in Mt. Jewett the first of the week.

Mrs. James Tracy of East Smethport was in Bradford the first of the week.

J. H. Tate of Clermont was in town Wednesday night to attend the encampment.

Miss Lucy Wright returned to Fredonia to resume her school duties last Monday.

Mesdames John Forrest, D. C. Young and Eugenia Hamlin visited Buffalo yesterday.

Miss Lillian Valentine of Olean was a guest of friends in town the first of the week.

Commissioners Young and Hungiville transacted business in Bradford Wednesday.

Hon. R. B. Stone of Bradford was a brief but pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

C. A. Olmsted returned home Wednesday from several days' sojourn at Glen Hazel.

Chas. Oberg of Mt. Jewett was in town the first of the week arranging his assessment list.

Wm. Glavin and children visited Wellsville and other points in New York State last week.

T. H. Clark of Austin and brother, J. V. Clark of Clinton, N. Y., were in town New Year's day.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Pierce and daughter of Buffalo visited Dr. F. C. Pierce New Years' Day.

Misses Lois Young and Helen Forrest returned to Albany for the winter to finish their school term.

Mrs. W. J. Voorhees and daughter, Ethel, of Olean were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush last week.

Editor T. J. Gilbert of the Cattaraugus Star spent Sunday in town the guest of friends.

Miss Effie Becker of Boston is visiting at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Z. U. Weisz, of East Smethport.

Mrs. Ada Cable came over from Bradford Monday to see the new county officials assume their duties.

Will Ostrander returned to the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia Monday to resume his studies.

Mrs. A. W. Merchant nee Miss Mary McCarty of Olean kindly remembered the Miner office one day last week.

Att'ys W. M. Lindsey, D. I. Ball and W. F. Knapp, all of Warren, were in attendance at argument court Wednesday.

Jas. A. McKean and B. F. Wright went to Harrisburg last Friday night to participate in the Senatorial squabble.

Prothonotary Sanford H. Lewis and ex-District Attorney W. B. Brightman of Coudersport were guests at the Wright House yesterday.

Alex, son of W. B. Clark, came over from Bradford Monday and passed the time in greeting his many youthful companions of days gone by.

C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday. He started for Harrisburg that night to be in at the Senatorial wind-up.

Mrs. W. P. Kerr and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett attended the Mozart concert Monday night. During their stay in town they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Last Saturday Editor J. B. Colcord of the Potter Journal, wife and two very bright and interesting little daughters passed through Smethport on their return from a visit among Elk county friends.

Charles Miller of the Central returned last Monday from his holiday vacation looking as fresh as a rose. Evidently life in Gotham and the city of brotherly love agreed with him, but he missed Frank Taylor and the famous mineral water of Gardeau.

Ned Newman left Tuesday afternoon for Buffalo where he will join his father and proceed to Hattiesburg, Miss., where Ned will commence at the bottom and receive a practical knowledge of the lumbering business "from a to izzard." We wish the young man success in his new enterprise.

Patrick Gaynor and John Meisel, two of Clermont's influential and prominent citizens, were pleasant callers at this office last week. The above gentlemen are supervisors of Sergeant township and to their credit it can be truthfully said the roads of that section are kept in excellent shape.

Samuel and Noah Bloomster of Kasson and C. D. Lundquist, a brother-in-law from Pioneer, Edmonds county, S. Da., were pleasant callers at this office on the closing day of the year 1896. These gentlemen are all descendants of the old Northmen and well-to-do citizens of Uncle Sam's territory. The Miner will visit Mr. Lundquist in his western home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin came over to enjoy the New Year's festivities with relatives and friends here. Their life lines at Austin seem to have fallen in pleasant places and they are enjoying all the comforts that can naturally fall to any newly wedded pair. Mr. Baldwin has secured a lucrative practice and is fast forging to the front as one of Potter county's ablest attorneys.

Mozart Symphony Club.

In connection with the Smethport Entertainment Association this club gave a concert last Monday evening and met a good house in spite of the inclement weather. We were exceedingly disappointed with the contents of the program. In our opinion a club of this standing should give us nothing but the best class music. It's a big mistake for any musical organization to assume that as soon as they leave New York anything will do for provincial audiences.

The program opened with an overture by Mozart, which was not played with such finish as one could expect. The next number, a viola d' amour solo, Mr. Richard Stoelzer was successful in producing some very good tones, and his phrasing and style of playing showed him to be master of this particular instrument. Item 3 was a contralto solo, "The Holy City." In this number Miss Gunner showed careful training, good method and ease of manner; her enunciation was clear and distinct, her tones pure and mellow and her interpretation very good indeed, so we hoped for better things, for although well sung, the Holy City is scarcely what one would expect from a concert "prima donna." Imagine then our disappointment when she responded to an encore with "Won't you be my Sweetheart." It is a pity that a singer of Miss Gunner's ability should spoil herself by such cheap selections, and we would suggest that she leave "darkey songs" for the colored minstrels. In her second selection Miss Gunner's vocalization was not so good as in her first number, for her voice is limited in range and her high notes were rough and her execution too heavy. However the displayed depth of feeling, and here, too, her interpretation and enunciation were good. Number 4, a violin solo by Mr. Otto Lund, was exquisitely played. Pure, rich tones, perfect phrasing and fine interpretation made the performance an artistic one in every way. Item 7, a group of quartettes, was, with the exception of part a, very indifferently played, the performers each having, apparently, his own idea as to tempo. Considerable amusement was caused by our friend the cornetist, Herr Theo Hoch. Taken as a whole it was the cheapest program we have listened to for many a lonely day.

CRITIC.

Kreamia, Mercer county, Pa. We believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best remedy in use. We use it in our families, and it is a favorite among our customers. Hoober Bros. & Co. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The length of life may be increased by lessening its dangers. The majority of people die from lung troubles. These may be averted by promptly using One Minute Cough Cure. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, L. E. Nitskins, East Smethport.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANNIN CREEK.

S. E. Cooper went to Bolivar Saturday.

Miss Rose Golden has returned to her home in Hinsdale.

Rev. W. W. Tubbs was down from Keating Summit Friday.

G. F. Tubbs was over from Derrick City the fore part of the week.

Miss Inez Smith is visiting her sister, Mrs. Timmy Barton of Rixford at this writing.

Will Buckley, Chas. Hodges and S. E. Wightman drove to Port Allegany Thursday.

C. P. Collins was in this place last week leasing land for the purpose of putting down an oil well.

Albertie, Mae and Leff Winship returned to school in Port Allegany Monday after a three week's vacation.

The week of prayer will be observed in the M. E. church this week after which Rev. Miller expects to hold a series of revival meetings.

Mrs. C. H. Holcomb is now using the late discovery for the cure of consumption. Dr. J. B. Colcord of Port Allegany administers the medicine. We are all anxiously awaiting the result.

Redemption of Key Deposits.

The following order has been issued by the Post Office Department at Washington:

"Postmasters at all post offices not located in government buildings are hereby ordered to call in all outstanding box-keys at their respective post offices, and redeem all such keys as shall be returned within thirty days from date of call, upon which a deposit has been made, and not forfeited under the provisions of Section 449, Postal Laws and Regulations, edition of 1893. Provided that no money shall be given in exchange for any key until the person presenting it shall have substantiated his claim for a deposit by the presentation of a valid key deposit receipt therefor, from the postmaster or some one of his predecessors, or by the affidavit of the claimant. As soon as keys have been redeemed, the postmaster will reissue them upon payment in advance by box renters of a deposit of 20 cents for each key and give to each deposit, with the distinguishing number of each key plainly stated thereon. To take effect Monday, Jan. 11, 1897.

One of the most remarkable cures of rheumatism on record is related by Mr. J. M. Thompson, postmaster at Decker's Point, Pa., as follows: "While out driving one day last winter I was caught in a cold rain. The next morning I was unable to move my head or arms, owing to an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My clerk telephoned for a physician, but suggested that I use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, there being a bottle open on the counter. He rubbed the affected parts thoroughly with Pain Balm and built up a hot fire. I dozed off to sleep and when I awoke about half an hour later the pain had gone entirely, and I have not been troubled since. People come here from many miles around to buy Chamberlain's medicines." For sale A. B. Armstrong.

The best remedy for constipation is Ayer's Pills. They never fail. Have you seen Ayer's almanac for this year?

Watch this space

next week.

O. D. BUSH,
East Smethport.

Books!

I have them all

For

The Readers.

H. C. Wells.
Smethport, Pa.

If You Prefer

Modern Faces of Type
ON YOUR STATIONERY

Leave Order with

The McKean County Miner.

J. C. STULL, Farmers Valley.

New Goods! Lowest Prices!

My store is chock full of new goods and going at prices that are lower than ever before. Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain, Mill Stuff, Hardware, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes and all kinds of Rubber Goods. Sole agent for Snag Proof Rubber Goods in this vicinity. Your patronage solicited. Yours Truly,

J. C. Stull.

Brasted's Confectionery

Fresh seasonable Fruits and OYSTERS.

MAMMOTH ASSORTMENT

Of fancy imported cups & saucers at ½ price. Nothing equal to this assortment has ever been seen in Smethport. Something useful, such as our copper nickle plated T & Coffee Pots, make a valuable present. We have a large lot of Bisque figures that generally sell at $1 00 that R going at 35c each.

Our line of Xmas gifts R mostly useful as well as ornamental & We do not charge U 4 prices. Beautiful Shade Lamps, $1.67 to $4.00. Come early if U want a Rocking Horse, 85c to $1.00.

No use to 2 try 2 tell U of our mammoth assortments they R 2 numerous 2 name.

A. E. STICKLES,
Racket Store, East Smethport.

Snow, Snow, Snow, Sleighing Soon Sure.

Then Jingle, Jingle, Merry Bells.
Not unless you have a Cutter, Sleigh or Bobs.
We have them all.
Best quality.
Lowest prices.
You want a Cutter.
We want Cash.
Don't wait.
Buy now.
Write or Call.

Oak Leather Harness & Carriage Co.,
192 Union Street,
OLEAN, N. Y.
Sign GRAY HORSE.

MOTHERS!

When in Olean don't forget to visit the

CHILDREN'S BAZAAR.

You will find just what you want for the little ones.

We keep Infants' Dresses, Vests, Skirts, Bands, Bootees, Cloaks, Kint Sacques and Toilet Articles.

Children's Aprons, Drawers, Hosiery and Handkerchiefs.

Also a fine line of Stamped Linens and Wash Embroidery Silks, India Linens, Nainsooks. Embroidered Flannels, Laces, &c.

SOMETHING NEW.

In Children's Knit Night Drawers with feet. Every child should wear them.

Special sale of Infants Nainsook Slips for only 50c.

THE CHILDREN'S BAZAAR,
179 Union St.,
Opp. M. E. Church, OLEAN, N. Y.

For a

FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW

Step into the

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

THE BAZAAR,

We Pay Car Fare

Bradford's Big Store.
DRY GOODS, CLOAKS,
DRAPERIES, MILLINERY,
20 DEPARTMENTS.

We Pay Car Fare

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!

The most important sale of the year. Every lady, young or old, who has not yet bought her winter garment should take advantage of this great sale.

Cloaks Fur Capes. The most stylish garments at actual cost. This is no ordinary Cloak Sale—its like has never before been held, either here or elsewhere.

For Spot Cash. We secured a large lot of the very latest styles in garments at just 50 cents on the dollar—just half of their regular wholesale cost, and we have them now on sale at prices unheard of in the history of Cloak Selling. $2.00 to $1.00 saved on every cloak and fur cape.

Bring this ad. and we allow car fare.

THE BAZAAR.

Eloskey's New Brick Block, Bradford, Penn'a.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

To be in Style

is one thing and to be out is another. There are few places in this county where

FASHIONABLE GENT'S FURNISHINGS

are sold, and you will find I have the leader of them all. If you need

Hats
E. & W. Collars and Cuffs
Waterhouse Neckwear
Adler's Gloves
Umbrellas
Fine Underwear
Shummleys, the latest,
Mantellas for Ladies
Fancy Night Robes
Monarch Shirts

You will get what you want by writing to

S. E. BELL,
The Fashionable Furnisher,
22 Main Street. KANE, PENNA.

Just received, more of that nice nickeled copper ware—Tea Kittles, Tea Pots and Coffee Pots.

We are selling loads of heavy All Wool Underwear at 95c each.

Leave your orders for a pair of Tailor Made Trousers, guaranted to fit and give satisfaction, from the Hazeltine Woolen Mills of Warren, Pa.

THE VARIETY,
Grand Central Block. W. H. OLMSTED, Prop'r.
Smethport, Pa.

YOUR HUSBAND'S WIFE

is without question the economical side of the household isn't she? She is sentinal over gas bill, butcher's bill, grocer's bill and nearly all the other items which make up the necessities and possible luxuries in your home. The wife looks after winter suits for Tommy, Bobby, Dicky, Sammy and the other boys. She is sure to take the boys to be fitted out to our big department of boy's clothing. We have every style of suit, reefer and overcoat for the boys and for all ages. As to prices, well if you can buy for one cent cheaper in any other store you can have your money back. That's fair, isn't it? Now bring the boys in.

Ford's Red Front

158 Union Street,
OLEAN, - - - - N. Y.

Your New Year Resolution,

That you will take a bath once a week whether you need it or not is a good one, but in order to carry out this resolution you must have some soap, a sponge, a flesh brush and other toilet articles, and as times are not the best you want to know where you can get the best articles for the least money. This you learn by calling at this store.

And, if your resolution does not include abstenance from the "weed," we will show you some Havana's that are somewhat better than the ones your wife gave you for Christmas.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE.
Odd Fellows' Block. Smethport, Pa.

THE [illegible]

He brought [illegible],
This stranger [illegible] of mine.
Ought I deny [illegible]
Who bore the peaceful sign?
Ah, no! I bade him welcome;
I set him bread and wine.
But while he drank and feasted
How laughed his eyes divine!

I took the branch of olive,
The meekest plant that grows,
And from the carven ceiling
I hung it with the rose.
"But why to me this token
Who never lacked repose?
Why this to me," I questioned,
"Who knows nor feud nor foes?"

He smiled beneath the olive,
This [illegible] stranger guest.
A branch from off the thorn tree
Had told his errand best,
For since my house he entered
There's ne'er a heart at rest.
To mock me with the olive!
But love doth love his jest.
—Edith M. Thomas.

ROMANCE OF A FLAT.

Mr. Ogglesby Possiter smoothed out his cards, and, with great deliberation, laid them before him on the table, leaned back in his chair and gazed intently at his wife.

"Well, I never! You've gone and trumped my ace on the second hand around," he cried.

Mrs. Ogglesby Possiter's fine eyebrows arched perceptibly.

"Oh, how stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "Really, my dear, I wasn't thinking when I did it."

"It is but just that in payment for so charming a partner you should waste a few trumps," said Lieutenant Swash gallantly.

This compliment rather conciliated Mr. Possiter, for he picked up his hand and said: "My wife can play good whist, but when she gets talking her game is abominable—atrocious. She"—

"It is your lead," interrupted I, with a glance at my fair opponent.

She played a two of hearts, and Swash followed with a three. Then my wife entered the game by venturing from the corner where she sat at some fancy work: "Do go on, Mrs. Possiter. You were saying that your cousin, Jack Dimly, was not acceptable to Mr. Pyn as a son-in-law."

Mr. Possiter sighed, and his wife, after following suit on my lead of clubs, took up the thread of her tale.

"To me there is a great deal that is romantic about a flat, commonplace things though they generally are. I know that when I was first married it seemed to me as if I was in a fairy palace when every morning there came a low whistle at the speaking tube, and then a rattle in our dear little kitchen, and I would run out and just throw open a little door, and there before me was everything for breakfast—a scuttle of coal, milk, eggs and bread. It was as though some genii, some invisible spirits, were serving me. I just used to dote"—

"My dear," exclaimed the fair story teller's husband as he for a moment stopped dealing, "if you can find me a flat house where they have genii as janitors I'll move at once."

"Of course I know you have to tip them; but, Ogglesby, you are so prosaic. You have no romance at all. I know the janitor did it all, but then there was no reason why I should always— Oh, I beg pardon. It is my lead. Anyway Jack Dimly and Evangeline Pyn had the loveliest adventure, the most romantic"—

"There you go, leading spades when I signaled for trumps," cried Mr. Possiter, thumping the table testily.

"Dear, how stupid! I saw you frowning and thought you wanted a black card."

"I played a six spot, then a two on Mr. Dockboy's lead," retorted Possiter. "You made the same mistake two hands ago, when the lieutenant led the three of spades."

"You shall have the trumps very first chance I get," said his wife. "I don't see why you always interrupt the game. My lead? There! Well, when Mr. Pyn found out that Evangeline had made up her mind to marry my cousin, Jack Dimly, in spite of his poverty, he determined to use every means in his power to keep them apart, and to accomplish this he had virtually to keep his daughter a prisoner. He took a flat on the sixth floor of a house so as to have her as high up as possible, and removed the fire escape to cut off that means of exit. He kept no servant for fear that if he had one she might enter into collusion with his daughter. He never let Evangeline out of his sight except at night, and then he locked the door and slept with the key under his pillow. What does my cousin Jack Dimly do? Does he give up in despair? By no means. My cousin Jack Dimly inherited from his ancestors—my ancestors, too—at least one of their good qualities—he had grit. He never went into anything except with vim and determination, whether in love or in sports or"—

"In debt," ventured Mr. Possiter, shuffling his cards nervously.

"Ogglesby, how could you?" said his wife reproachfully. "What! Have I revoked? Dear, dear! There, lieutenant, just put this heart on that trick and give me back my spade. Now it's all right and you needn't score three. As I have said already, my cousin, Jack Dimly, did not know the meaning of the word surrender—not he. For a time nothing was seen of him, and to Mr. Pyn everything seemed to be going splendidly. Nothing was heard of the detested young man, and the old gentleman had almost decided that his own determination had won the day, when a slight incident aroused his sleeping suspicions. While poking about the kitchen one day he happened to open a small door, and before him, on the dumb waiter, lay a box of candy. Of course he called Evangeline, and of course she denied all knowledge of it and suggested that it belonged to some other family on the same shaft. He whistled down the tube. Yes, thank you, Mr. Dockboy, you may deal for me. The janitor, my genius, answered. It was a mistake. The [illegible] was intended for the family two floors below, so down it went. But that box of candy became a weight on Mr. Pyn's mind. He pondered over the incident and tried to make himself believe that [illegible] was quite the usual way to deliver such parcels, but he could not. He became suspicious. A dozen times a day he would throw down his [illegible], dart from his chair to the kitchen and throw open the dumb waiter door. He found nothing. What are trumps? Diamonds? Thank you!

"Then, one night some weeks later, as Mr. Pyn, sleepless and ill at ease, lay in bed thinking over this incident, there came a gentle rattle in the elevator which sounded in his ears. It was simply [illegible] that led him to it, for, as luck would have it, he darted from his room and groped his way to the kitchen. He [illegible]. The light was burning, the door of the shaft was wide open, the cable was running down, and above the rattle and clatter there came a soft [illegible]. Old Mr. Pyn was a strong man, a determined man. Like a flash he [illegible] the shaft, leaned in, seized the cable and held on to it with a madman's fury. Oh, is it my play?

"The [illegible] stopped short in [illegible]. Then there was a [illegible] below—a scream. Mr. Pyn clinched his teeth, braced himself and held it as firm as a rock. As I have [illegible], my cousin Jack Dimly is a man of grit, but he is small and not strong. [illegible] to drag down the [illegible] determined, of course, that he was at the bottom of the shaft [illegible] burden proved unequal against the strength and determination of old Mr. Pyn, who never [illegible] he had just swung [illegible] several miles [illegible] my cousin might, the [illegible] below the third floor, [illegible] the power of old Mr. Pyn [illegible] nothing [illegible] of the car and my cousin Jack Dimly. Grind his teeth, pull and struggle though he did, he could not draw the precious burden an inch nearer him. Did he let go? No. That was not"—

"My dear," interrupted Mr. Possiter, laying down his cards and pushing his chair back from the table, "you never told me before that your cousin Jack"—

"Ogglesby," cried my pretty opponent, "I do wish you would watch your end of the game. I led that ace. Did he give— Don't stop playing, lieutenant. I have such a lovely hand!"

Swash, too, had laid down his cards. "That reminds me of the time"—

My wife from the corner interrupted him with, "Now, lieutenant, do let me hear first who won—that poor, dear Mr. Dimly or that horrid"—

"There, you've spoiled such a splendid hand!" cried Mrs. Ogglesby Possiter, tossing her cards on the table. "Just as I got seven trumps you all stop playing. We were sure of three points, and if"—

"Ethel," said her husband firmly, "you were telling us about your cousin Jack Dimly."

"Oh, was I? Dear me, how stupid I am! Where was I last?"

"Evangeline was in the center of the shaft, and your cousin and old Mr. Prim, or Plim, or what's his name, were trying to get her up and down," said my wife.

"I remember now. Did old Mr. Pyn give up the ship, or the dumb waiter, rather? No; he held fast. He called down the shaft to my cousin Jack Dimly and demanded that he release the rope, and my cousin Jack Dimly called back up the shaft that he would hold on until he was a skeleton sooner than allow the one he loved to return again into the clutches of such a cruel father. Then old Mr. Pyn retorted that his dust would tumble down the shaft and get in the eyes of the abominable suitor for his daughter's hand before he released the rope. And he showered down words of reproach and abuse upon his faithless child, and my cousin Jack Dimly called up to her to be of good cheer, as he was near. She did not answer. All night long those two determined men clung to the elevator cable. Morning came, and the sunlight was coming into the kitchen, when old Mr. Pyn, nearly exhausted, whispered hoarsely down the shaft that the milkman would soon be coming and proposed a truce.

"My cousin replied that he dare not let go lest the old man drag up the car. Mr. Pyn replied that he would give his word of honor not to if the young man likewise pledged himself not to drag it down. The parley was a long one, and finally it was agreed that my cousin should come up stairs, and that they would raise Evangeline together. So Jack Dimly went to the Pyn flat, and, with the irate father, drew up the car. What did they find? It was empty."

"Why, what became of Evangeline?" cried my wife.

"That was what puzzled old Mr. Pyn and my cousin. She was gone. Where and how, neither knew. And, equally bereaved, they made up and mourned together."

"It seems to me Evangeline was a sort of genius," ventured Lieutenant Swash.

"She wasn't at all. She was simply a lovely girl," cried Mrs. Ogglesby Possiter. "She married another man, that was all. A week later her father and my cousin Jack Dimly got a letter from her from Niagara Falls, where she was spending her honeymoon. She apologized and explained that she got off at the third floor and eloped with a nice young bachelor who lived there."

"And how in the world had they become acquainted?" cried my wife.

"Why, through the speaking tubes, of course! How else could they?"—New York Sun.

JUST A BOY.

Laurence Hutton's Reminiscences of His Juvenile Life In New York.

He was not a very good boy or a very bad boy or a very bright boy or an unusual boy in any way. He was just a boy, and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about the boy that is commendable he owes to his father and to his mother, and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else—always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything, the boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was, "What on earth shall I do with it?" When the boy came to her one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from heaven, and when she was told that it was a boy, and not a bad looking or a bad conditioned boy, her first words were, "What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than 40 years afterward, and the boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry. What better benediction can a boy have than that?

The boy was redheaded and long nosed even from the beginning—a shy, dreaming, self conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red and that his nose was long. At school for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Redhead," "Carrot Top" or "Nosey."

His mother, married at 19, was the eldest of a family of nine children, and many of the boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he was likely to be spoiled, and consequently he was never praised nor petted nor coddled. He was always falling down or dropping things. He was always getting into the way, and he could not learn to spell correctly nor to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so.

But nobody except the boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him by the fun they poked at his nose, at his fiery locks and at his unhandiness. He fancied that passersby pitied him as he walked or played in the streets, and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man, at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.—"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

His Grandmother.

A gentleman once asked Uncle Daniel, a droll character in a New England village, if he could remember his grandmother. "I guess I can," said Uncle Daniel, "but only as I saw her once. Father had been away all day, and when he came home he found I had failed to do something he expected of me. He caught up a rough apple tree limb and walked up to me with it. Grandmother appeared on the doorstep with a small, straight stick in her hand, and instantly handed it to my father. 'Here, Joe,' said she, 'lick Daniel with a smooth stick.' And he did. Who wouldn't remember such a grandmother as that?"

Saw Through It.

"Package, sir," said the agent as Mr. Sharp came to the door. "There is $3 express charges on it."

"Be kind enough to wait a moment," said Mr. Sharp as he disappeared indoors. Presently he returned. "Just allow me to throw this X ray on that package, please."

The telltale light revealed three bricks carefully done up in raw cotton, and, unopened, they were returned to the would be joker marked "Refused."—Washington Times.

STUDENTS' FRIEND.

A DEALER IN COLORS IN THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS.

Many Artists Who Have "Arrived" Owe Much to M. Foinet's Love of Art and Benevolence—The Popular Suppers Given In His Little Shop.

If an art student of the Latin Quarter knows not M. Foinet, that student is but a humble creature, pitifully new to the republic of painters. And who is Foinet? He has a little shop in an ancient winding street of the old quarter, the Rue Notre Dame de Champs, and there keeps colors for the accommodation of impecunious painters. It is a little shop truly, with a bandbox of a salle a manger just behind, the minute salon and living rooms above, but many a celebrity laid the foundation for his fame in the pigments cheerily furnished by Foinet. Now 63, good nature and the wholesome reflection of his benevolence from the fancies of a thousand friends have kept this marchand de couleurs to the appearance of 40. His youthfulness remarked, "Ah," he says, with a twinkle of his kindly blue eyes, "it keeps one in good color to deal in good colors!" As he deals only in the best of colors, "those fit for the making of masterpieces," it is quite in keeping that he should have the rosy freshness that reddish hair and mustache complement, and which seem to belong only to the glow of vigor still in flower.

"Having had twoscore years of experience in the trade that is so closely akin to art, Foinet has more the character of an artist than of a tradesman, and a glance around the walls of his costly establishment betrays who are his friends among those who have "arrived." Here are pieces by Dataille, by Bonnat, by Jean Paul Laurens, by Carolus-Duran, by Casin, by Geri Melchers, by Chretien, by Paul Steck, by Yongind (whose little pieces have sold for as much as 3,000 and 4,000 francs each since his death), the original of Fragonard's "La Balancoire," evidences enough of Foinet's intimate relations with artists who, famous afterward, have been indebted to the man of colors for many a sustaining kindness.

A veritable patron, Maecenas of points, it is necessary that Foinet be well to do, and well to do he is, and with the means to gratify his benevolence he has also the taste to minister comfort to the refined appetite. Foinet's little suppers in the shop are as celebrated as Foinet himself, and to be bidden to one of them is a mark of distinction—an honor the ambitious youth covets, a courtesy the most successful esteems. The suppers are served in the shop, and wines of choice vintage, served in bottles crusted with cellar mold, are so liberally dispensed that sobriety at the end of the evening is accounted an insult to the host. Bacchus is the presiding deity ever, and when his votaries revolve into the salon where coffee is poured it is not permitted that one of them be able perfectly to declare how many candles are burning. Yet woe to the culprit who has so weak a head that he riots in his cups. Foinet values him and his prospects not a jot. Men who have it in them to "arrive" will not slander good wine by playing the fool under it, is Foinet's opinion.

If a carefully watched young painter suddenly gets well hung or captures somewhere a medal, the color merchant, radiant over the achievement, gives one of these notable suppers in honor of his protege, and the result is much the same as when Beau Brummel made a man by taking his arm for a walk in the Mall. The supper is the confession of faith—Foinet's intimation that he believes the painter has, to all intents and purposes, "arrived," though he says one requires 15 years in which really "to arrive." What a phrase that is! How significant! And what a vast force it has in the French world of art and letters! "He'll arrive." No higher compliment may be spoken by master of pupil. "He has arrived." The crown is on his head. And so Foinet, who has seen so many men "arrive" and knows by a sort of masterly intuition who is likely to "arrive," has that superb patience and that unwavering confidence which are necessary to make either a great genius or a noble creditor.

Let any student with talent only as a grain of mustard seed and with it honest perseverance go to Foinet, and the ruby faced patron will trust him till the light goes out of the moon or floods into the painter's atelier. Indeed, Foinet is as little in love with a sensitive debtor as he is with a too temperate banqueter.

Be it understood that more than one art student in the Quartier Latin would find it impossible to pursue his or her studies were it not for the philanthropic Foinet, who gives them credit month after month for their paints and has the grace of soul not to impose upon them the martyrdom of debt. Paints are expensive, and some students, who have barely enough for bread would fare ill for working materials but for this simple hearted and genuine bienfaiteur in the old fashioned street near the Luxembourg. That this frank generosity is not ignobly betrayed may be inferred from the fact of the dealer's comparative opulence. Nevertheless he will shake his head in compassionate sadness as he says: "There are too many students of art who ought to be students of agriculture. They could mow landscapes better than they can paint them. It is sad to see one quite without talent struggling to succeed in an art that has no pity whatever for mediocrity. But"—And that shrug of the shoulders which is more eloquent and more impressive than a monologue.—Chicago Times-Herald.

All In Unison.

Marble Dealer—Shall I put on the tombstone, "We Mourn Our Loss?"

Chorus of Heirs (left out of the will)—Yes and spell "loss" with poster sheet letters.—Buffalo Times.

Does It Pay to be Sick?

Besides the discomforts and suffering, illness of any sort is expensive. Hundreds of people consult the doctors every day about coughs and colds. This is better than to suffer the disease to run along, but those who use Otto's Cure for the throat and lungs do better still. It costs less and the cure is certain. You can get a trial bottle free of our agents: A. W. Colegrove, Smethport; C. M. Benson, Colegrove; S. W. Stickney, Newerf.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

"Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "but I am a surgeon and that is not where the liver is." "Never you mind where his liver is," retorted the other. "If it was in his toe or his left ear DeWitt's Little Early Risers would reach it and shake it for him. On that you can bet your big lamps." A. W. Colegrove, Smethport. A. E. Stickles, East Smethport.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Absolutely pure, perfectly harmless, and invariably reliable are the qualities of One Minute Cough Cure. It never fails in colds, croup and lung troubles. Children like it because it is pleasant to take and it helps them. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickles, East Smethport.

POMOLOGICAL ART.

TRYING TO PRODUCE SEEDLESS AND THORNLESS FRUIT.

Methods by Which Fruit Scientists Succeed In Improving Upon Nature—Results Have Shown That They Are on the Right Basis—Slight Success With Apples.

One of the most important objects pomologists are striving for is to produce thornless and seedless fruits, and from the results already obtained it is not unlikely that the end will soon be realized. Seeds are not relished by the consumers of fruits, and if they could be removed we would enjoy our grapes without experiencing a dread of appendicitis and kindred complaints.

Thorns are not in good standing among fruit growers, because they are constantly puncturing the best fruits and, what is equally important, the skin of the pickers. The thorns and prickles of plants and trees were undoubtedly intended by nature to protect them from animals, but that is no reason why they should be continued for generation after generation on the cultivated varieties. The gardener has no need for them, and, for that matter, the trees and shrubs have none either.

Our domesticated pears and apples were all derived from the thorny, wild varieties, and pomologists have succeeded in ridding them of these spikes and prickles by careful culture and selection. Oranges and lemons have not been cultivated in this country as successfully as pears and apples, and many of them are very thorny. The wild and sour orange trees of Florida are bristling with thorns, as is also the high priced king orange, one of the best of the mandarins. The wild lemon trees of Florida are so thorny that growers question the advisability of grafting the fine La France lemons on them.

In Florida, however, the thorns of the orange and lemon trees have been greatly reduced by selecting buds from branches with the fewest thorns, and by continuing this process year after year the sharp spikes disappear. In California nearly all of the orange trees are thornless—not naturally, but as the result of cultivation and selection.

The thorns on blackberries, raspberries and rosebushes give the greatest bother to horticulturists in the north, and there is a determined effort to get rid of them. The thorns give endless trouble to the pickers, and their removal might save many a puncture to delicate hands. There is an improved variety of raspberry placed on the market today which is entirely thornless, but the trouble is that quality and quantity of fruit have been sacrificed to the gain made in destroying the thorns.

There is little doubt that perfect thornless blackberries and raspberries will soon be obtained, for there is a widespread movement among gardeners and seedsmen to accomplish this. The man who is fortunate enough to produce a variety that gives perfect fruit without the thorns will receive a pretty stiff price for his plants.

Seeds are also unnecessary plant products in these advanced days of horticulture, when gardeners propagate half their stock by cuttings, grafts and slips. Nature need no longer trouble herself about the fear of losing any of her types. The modern horticulturist is sure to preserve every one of any value without gathering a seed.

The California navel orange represents the best type of fruit grown without seeds. Nature produced this orange as a freak at first, and man has taken advantage of it to propagate fruit of a high order. Half the oranges of California are grafted with the navel, and it is the most important fruit of the Pacific coast. Nature tried to produce twins in the navel orange, and one survived only as a protuberance in the blossom end, while the other expanded into a well shaped fruit without seeds. These oranges are occasionally found with small seeds; but, as a rule, they are perfectly seedless.

Several varities of seedless apples and pears have already been produced, but the quality of the fruit is generally poor and nearly worthless. They are called "bloomless" pears and apples and are exhibited more as curiosities than as the triumphs of pomological art. Nevertheless, they are the beginning of a new era of apple growing, and they represent the primary stock of seedless fruits which may produce in time the finest flavored apples and pears.

The grape industry would be benefited more than any other by the production of new varieties without seeds, and toward this end scores of fruit growers are working, especially in California. The idea is to produce not only table grapes, but grapes that will make fine raisins. Seedless raisins would prove such a boon to the whole civilized world that any other variety would be quickly run out of the market.

There is a seedless grape of Corinth, which commonly passes as a currant, and the Sultana raisins of southeastern Europe are also seedless. But these fruits are so small that they can never answer the purpose. What the trade wants is a large, seedless grape, with perfect color and flavor, and to get that it is necessary to experiment for years.—New York Journal.

The Greatest Monarch

Is a fit subject for pity if he is troubled with dyspepsia, while his poorest subject who digests properly may well be envied by a prince thus afflicted. The dyspeptic of every clime and race owe a debt of gratitude to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which rescues them from one of the most obstinate and troublesome complaints against which medical skill is directed. On this continent, in Europe and the tropics this sterling remedy is pre-eminently and justly popular, not only as a stomachic, but also as a means of preventing and curing malarial, rheumatic, kidney, bilious and nervous disorders. It improves appetite and sleep, hastens convalescence and the acquisition of vigor after exhausting maladies, and counteracts the infirmities of age. A wineglassful taken before retiring has a tendency to promote tranquil, health yielding sleep, a boon much coveted by nervous people.

How to be Handsome.

It is a mistake to suppose that the only way to be good looking is to be born so. Good health has more to do with good looks than anything else—such diseases as constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, nervous disorders, etc., not only shorten life but spoils tempers and looks. Bacon's Celery King for the nerves cures these troubles. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport; C. M. Benson, Colegrove, and S. W. Stickney, Newerf, sell it and will give you a trial package free.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport.

The old lady was right when she said the child might die if they waited for the doctor. She saved the little one's life with a few doses of One Minute Cough Cure. She had used it for croup before. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickles.

Scaly eruptions on the head, chapped hands and lips, cuts, bruises, scalds, burns are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the best [illegible] most used for piles [illegible] cures them. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickles, East Smethport.

T. F. Anthony, Ex Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport.

Soothing and non irritating, strengthening, and not weakening, small but effective—such are the qualities of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickles, East Smethport.

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

BILIN SOAP WITH MARTHY.

Lord, how I wake [illegible] days
W'en life was full o' hope,
An me an Marthy Ellen Hays
Was makin bilin soap.
The [illegible] kittle we used t' have
It hilt three bar'ls clear,
An so Mis' Hays an ma 'd [illegible]
Their soap grease fer a year
An plan to bile it "on the sheers,"
Bein nex' door neighbors so,
An set me an Marthy 'd [illegible]
To kind o' boss the show.

The kittle was sot in the orchard lot
W'ere nobody'd come an spy,
An I'd snake the keg o' soap scraps out
On our stunboat, an Marthy 'd try
To ketch a ride an couldn't hol on
'Thout grabbin me roun the waist.
I thought that heaven was shinin upon
My heart in that sweet embrace.
I'd the fire to light an the lye to bring
As it dripped from the wood ash leach
An Marthy to watch as she'd set an sing
As pretty as a peach.

An my yearnin senses was took by storm
By each little cunnin trick
O' grace an beauty an swayin form
As she stirred the soap with a stick.
An her sunbunnit fell f'um her golden curls.
Oh, shucks! I couldn't hope
To tell how fair was that fairest o' girls
As she stirred the bilin soap.
It's kind of lonesome a-settin here
An thinkin them ole times over.
What? Marthy? Hain't seen 'er fer seventeen year.
Seems she married that down east drover.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

HISTORIC SLAVE AUCTION.

The Sale of Pinky Said to Have Inspired the Emancipation Proclamation.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves In Plymouth Pulpit." Recalling the historic sale of Pinky, Mrs. Beecher gives these details: "An old colored woman had written to Mr. G. Faulkner Blake, the brother of one of our church members, that her little grandchild, named Pinky, was too fair and beautiful for her own good, and was about to be sold 'down south,' and Mr. Blake asked if she could be freed. 'Not unless you bring her north,' replied Mr. Beecher. 'I will be responsible for her, and she shall be lawfully purchased or sent back.' The answer was a compliment, to which Mr. Beecher laughingly referred as the only tribute ever paid to him by a slave owner. 'If Henry Ward Beecher has given his word,' wrote the dealer, 'it is better than a bond.'

"So Pinky was brought to Plymouth church and placed upon the pulpit, as Sarah, another slave, previously had been. The scene was again one of intense enthusiasm. Rain never fell faster than the tears of the congregation. The pretty child, the daughter of a white father, was bought and overbought. Rose Terry—afterward Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, the famous authoress—threw a valuable ring into the basket, and Mr. Beecher picked it out and put it upon Pinky's finger, saying, 'Remember—with this ring I do wed thee to freedom.' * * * President Lincoln took a lively interest in the case of Pinky, the details of which were related to him by Chief Justice Chase and by Mr. Beecher. I was not in Washington with my husband at the time, and therefore cannot verify the story that the sale of Pinky inspired President Lincoln to issue the almost divine proclamation of emancipation."

Two Yorkshire Stories.

The sturdiness of the north and its rather grim self will are admirably illustrated by two Yorkshire anecdotes. A landlord of very old family proposed to make an alteration in one of his tenant's farm buildings, which the tenant declined to permit, whereupon the landlord remarked very mildly that, after all, the building was his own. Thereupon the tenant rejoined, "Nay, my forefather went to the crusades with your forefather, and you shan't touch a stone of it."

Again, a daughter of one of the leading citizens of a Yorkshire town hinted to her father's gardener that the family would like to appropriate the greenhouse to the purposes of a vinery, whereupon she was told to let her father know "he may just choose betwixt me and the grapes." Of course the proposal was abandoned.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH

Miniature Fac-Simile.

NEW
WAGON and CARRIAGE
SHOP.

Having purchased the wood work department of C. W. Lilgendahl, I am prepared to do all kinds of

WAGON and CARRIAGE WORK.

CARRIAGE PAINTING done in latest style.

JOHN SERVATIUS, Smethport, Pa.

A. T. PALMER,
Livery, Feed and Sale
STABLES.

Largest, Best Equipped and Most Complete Livery Establishment in McKean county.

Office connected with N. Y. and Pa. Telephone and Telegraph long distance lines and only one minute from Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices.

Prompt attention to all business intrusted to my care. Your patronage solicited.

CHARLES LEMMLER
MANUFACTURER OF
Light and Heavy Harnesses,
AND DEALER IN
Dusters, Whips, Trunks
Traveling Bags, etc.

The Celebrated Stock Food and Hoof Dressing constantly on hand.

Everything is up to date, and new work and repairing done neatly and promptly.

Call and Be Convinced.

Mention the Miner when writing or calling.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

$3,400.00 CASH AND PRIZES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

As follows:

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash	-	$ 400.00
20 Second " " " $100 Pierce Special Bicycles	-	2,000.00
40 Third " " " $ 25 Gold Watches	-	1,000.00
Cash and Prizes given each month	-	$3,400.00
		12
Total given during 12 mos. 1897,		$40,800.00

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Competitors to save as many SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper, that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent, postage paid, enclosed with a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address and the number of Coupons sent in, to Lever Bros., Ltd., New York, marked on outside Wrapper (top left hand corner) with NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

SEND THE TOP PORTION.

No. of District	NAME OF DISTRICT.
1	New York City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands, New Jersey.
2	New York State (outside of N. Y. City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands).
3	Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and District of Columbia.
4	The New England States.

The Bicycles are the celebrated Pierce Special, 1897 Pattern, manf'd by Geo. N. Pierce & Co., of Buffalo, Boston and New York. Fitted with Hartford Tires, First Class Nickle Lamp, New Departure Bell, Standard Cyclometer, and Hunt Lace Saddle.

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897 in each of the 4 districts prizes will be awarded as follows:

The 1 Competitor who sends in the Largest Number of coupons from the district in which he or she resides will receive $100 Cash.

The 5 Competitors who send in the Next Largest Numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside will Each receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Pierce Special Bicycle, price $100.00.

The 10 Competitors who send in the Next Largest Numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside will Each receive at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, price $25.

2. The Competition will Close the Last Day of Each Month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of Winners in Competitor's district will be forwarded to Competitors in about 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., New York.

SPECHT & SASSE,
THE OLD RELIABLE
FURNITURE DEALERS,

Are better prepared than ever to fill your wants in their line. Their stock is full and complete. Their prices at rock-bottom.

Do not fail to give them a call.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

JONES & CHURCH,
DEALERS IN Fresh and Salt Meats,
Sausage, Poultry, Vegetables,
Apples, Fresh Fish, Oysters,
Home-Made Mince Meat,

Highest Cash Price Paid for
Fat Stock, Poultry, Hides, Pelts, Etc.

WILLIAMS' OLD STAND.

Smethport Mills.

Boss and Pillsbury's Flour.
Feed from $15 to $1[illegible] per ton

Shelled Corn, Buckwheat flour, Wheat, Grain, Poultry Food, Oyster shells, Oil meal for horses.

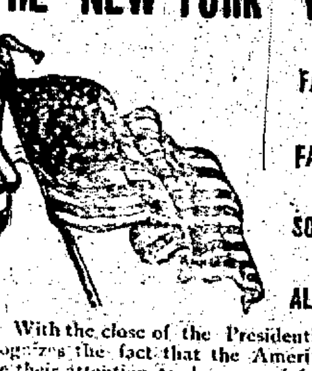
A full line of grain of all kinds kept on hand. Can furnish refanned Oats at 35 cents a bushel. I invite you all to call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Custom grinding done promptly, and all orders filled as soon as they can be.

C. E. BARRETT,

Corner Mill and [illegible] Sts.

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE



FOR
FARMERS AND VILLAGERS,
FOR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
FOR
SONS AND DAUGHTERS,
FOR
ALL THE FAMILY.

With the close of the Presidential campaign THE TRIBUNE recognizes the fact that the American people are now anxious to give their attention to home and business interests. To meet this condition, politics will have far less space and prominence, until another State or National occasion demands a renewal of the fight for the principles for which THE TRIBUNE has labored from its inception to the present day, and won its greatest victories.

Every possible effort will be put forth, and money freely spent, to make THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE preeminently a NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, interesting, instructive, entertaining and indispensable to each member of the family.

We furnish THE MINER and "N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE"
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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Tribune Building, New York, and sample copy of the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

HOO-HOO.

LUMBER YARD.

Do you know that
HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Have the finest and most complete stock of all kinds of
Building Materials
To be found in McKean County.

Two Grades of HEMLOCK, PINE AND RED CEDAR SHINGLES.

Our Washington Red Cedar are without doubt the best lasting Shingles ever sold anywhere.

We have everything you can possibly want to build with in stock, in all grades. Come and see us. We are always glad to show our goods.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS,
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

Many cases of so called heart disease, are only cases of acid fermentation in the stomach. The irritation from the acid hinders the action of the heart, through the pneumogastric nerve, and very often the excessive restraining power of this peculiarly acting nerve, becomes a very serious matter; the heart makes the greatest effort to do its work, but there is a shortness of breath which cannot be made up for, and the feeling throughout the chest is very distressing. Sometimes this acid arises and causes an acrid smarting in the throat; at other times the burning is up and down the chest.

Another stomach trouble is that form of dyspepsia which gives pain after eating. Persons with this disease seem to have but a scant measure of nerve strength; when food is being digested, the stomach needs the concentration of all of the nerve and brain force, and if reading or close thought is attempted soon after eating, the stomach commences that intolerable aching which dyspeptics dread so much, when the only immediate relief appears to be to stop the mental activity and get up and move around. In such cases there is evidently for the time being, too little nerve power to divide between the stomach and the brain: each one alone needs it all to enable it to perform its labor.

There are two properties possessed by Dr. Day's Stomach and Nerve Tonic, which constitute it a cure for all of the above derangements. One, is its power of purifying and sweetening the stomach and stopping the formation of gas and acid; the other is the giving of increased nerve action and strength. Soon, with better digestion and better nutrition, there is a general renewal of life and health.

For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co., Smethport; Dr. M. Wilcox, of Mt. Jewett, and Lawrence Bayer, Clermont.

Are you Going to buy a
Mower, Reaper or Binder?

Wm. Masser is agent for the JOHNSTON HARVESTING CO. of Batavia, N. Y. He will be pleased to show Machines and quote prices. Also Walker, Stratman & Co's Fertilizers, at low prices.

WILLIAM MASSER,
Water Street, Smethport

Best B[illegible] to buy [illegible] Sunol, Hercules, Ste[illegible]
The [illegible] Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THIS MEANS YOU.

[illegible] own horses or cattle? Pulsifer's Veterinary Medicines for horses and cattle are [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] is authorized merchant [illegible] money in every instance of failure to effect a cure of any disease specified on our labels, if used according to directions. You don't risk a cent by a trial. What more can you ask?

PULSIFER'S COLIC CURE.

[illegible] offered to the public as a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the treatment of that [illegible] [illegible] A syringe for administering the dose accompanies each bottle, and the [illegible] is so compact that it can be easily carried in the pocket. The price at which it is sold is much lower than any other [illegible] on the market, thus reducing the [illegible] a dose of colic to five or ten cents. The dose is only thirty drops given without dilution.

You can't fool with colic. [illegible] remedy [illegible] always be found when wanted. [illegible] Pulsifer's Colic Cure is all the veterinary medicine [illegible] should be kept in the stable ready for use. There is more loss among horses from colic than from any other cause. Unless some immediate relief is afforded the chances for recovery [illegible] Inflammation sets in. [illegible] Pulsifer's [illegible] begun within one hour of the first attack. [illegible] Pulsifer's Colic Cure [illegible] horses cost money. A concise manual describing the symptoms of the ordinary diseases to which a horse is subject, together with the simple method of treating the same. Mailed to any address on receipt of two cent stamp.

All of Pulsifer's medicines are for sale by A. T. Palmer at his livery, feed and sale stable, Smethport, Pa.

Every patient receives the personal attention of Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane, Physician and Surgeon; resident in the institution, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Mention the Miner when writing or calling.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
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beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

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361 Broadway, New York.

GET AN EDUCATION [illegible] JAMES ELDON, Ph. D., Principal, State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa.

LARRABEE'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT

has enjoyed a constant patronage for over sixty years. It is wonderfully efficacious in all painful diseases, such as

Rheumatism, Lumbago,
Catarrh, Toothache,
Neuralgia, Backache

and other ailments where pain is an attendant. Try it. At Drug Stores, or by mail on receipt of name, address and 50 cents.

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA [illegible]

In effect [illegible]

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible]

Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday [illegible]

Train leaving [illegible] at Olean with River [illegible] Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and [illegible]

Clermont Local daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.

Clermont Accom. daily except Sunday [illegible] p. m.

Clermont Local [illegible] p. m.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Mail daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.

Mail daily except Sunday, connecting at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from C. E. Wormer, Ticket Agent.

R. BELL, General Supt.

J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r & Tkt. Agt.

General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg. Cor. Main and [illegible], Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 15, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., New York 9:23 p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., Washington 7:15 p.m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:18 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:50 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York [illegible] a. m. week days (10:33 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:44 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations, leaves Ridgway 3:10 p. m. for Erie.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

6:06 p. m.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 1 leaves Renovo 6:5[illegible] a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Jc. 7:35 a. m.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:50 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 6:05 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

Train 3, leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:25 a.m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Daily except Sunday.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
9 20	Ridgway	11 06
[illegible]	Johnsonburg	11 41
9 40	Bendigo	11 27
9 55	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
10 08	Straight	[illegible]
10 11	Instanter	[illegible]
10 15	Smith's Run	10 56
10 27	Woodvale	10 41
[illegible]	Clermont	11 48

Connections are made with train 1, leaving Johnsonburg at 3:07 p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 8:30 p.m. also at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 1:10 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after Aug. 30, 1896, passenger trains will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows: (Between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania.)

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

7.45 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Collins, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

2.34 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Collins, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4.50 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Collins and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH BOUND.

6.02 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburgh, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

2.00 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by Conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

J. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Took effect Monday, June 15th, 1896.

7	3	5	STATIONS.	2	4	6
am	p m	p m	Ar. / Dp.	a m	p m	p m
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Keating	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Cowley June.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Austin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Costello	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Wharton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Logue	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Hull	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Cross Fork Jc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Germania	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Galeton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Sunbury	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ansonia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

H. Hinchman, Train Master. C. W. Goodyear, Gen'l Manager.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, Nov. [illegible]

[illegible] Ulysses, [illegible] Newfield Junc., [illegible] Goodall, [illegible] Raymonds, [illegible] Seven Bridges, [illegible] Coudersport, [illegible] Hammond, [illegible] Fish Basket, [illegible] Olmsted, [illegible] Mina, [illegible] Knowlton, [illegible] Roulette, [illegible] Burtville, [illegible] Coleman, [illegible] Port Allegany.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

R. A. McCLURE, Supt.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between Bradford, Kane and the Elk county oilfield

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1896.

p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	Stations.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.
*6 35	*4 00	*9 05	Lv Sm'thp't Lv	8 00	*9 30	*4 30
6 13	3 35	8 35	Ormsby Jn.	8 35	11 10	[illegible]
6 00	3 3[illegible]	8 30	M'Keans	8 37	11 12	[illegible]
5 53	3 21	8 23	Simpson	8 46	11 21	[illegible]
5 47	3 17	8 17	Davis	8 52	11 27	6 32
5 41	3 11	8 11	Aiken	8 58	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 36	3 06	8 06	Kinzua Jn.	9 08	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 06	2 41	7 35	Tarport Hill	9 26	12 00	6 56
4 50	2 25	7 20	lv Bradf'd ar	9 40	[illegible]	7 10
5 48	10 55	8 14	Kinzua B'd'g	8 41	3 41	[illegible]
5 46	10 51	8 12	McAmbleys	8 53	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 35	10 40	8 01	Mt. Jewett	9 10	4 00	[illegible]
5 25	10 30	7 59	Lafayette	9 18	4 16	[illegible]
[illegible]	10 24	7 44	Griffiths	9 25	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 14	10 19	7 32	Kanesholm	9 30	[illegible]	6 50
5 04	10 13	7 23	Greendale	9 37	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 50	10 00	7 20	lv Kane ar	9 50	4 45	7 15
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.

*Daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Agent,
Bradford, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 7 o'clock a.m. Monday, August 17, 1896.

South			Stations		North	
1:15			Clermont		12:30	
1:29			Clermont Tank		12:25	
[illegible]			Wildwood		[illegible]	
[illegible]			North Fork		11:45	
[illegible]			Kay Fork		[illegible]	
[illegible]			Gray Gables		[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar / Lv	St. Marys	Lv / Ar	[illegible]	6:15
2:36	[illegible]		Kaul		[illegible]	6:12
2:44	[illegible]		Detsch		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Groll		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Gallen		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Fabin		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Centreville		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Dague Crossing		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Shelvey Summit		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Cuneo		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Thompson		9:53	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Curry		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Brandy Camp		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		Erbon		9:34	[illegible]
[illegible]	8:50		Hyde		[illegible]	[illegible]
4:00	9:01		Shawmut		9:15	[illegible]
p.m.	a.m.				a.m.	p.m.

BLACKSMITHING!

The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreuger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS.

Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. LILGENDAHL.

Smethport, Aug 6th, 1896.